John Wm. Roy Crawford

THE ALDINE EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS

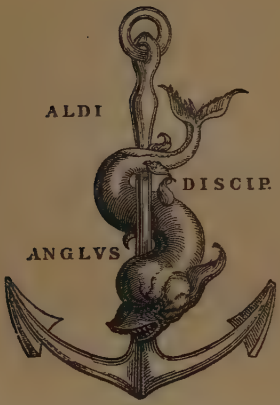
THE POEMS OF THOMAS PARNELL

H. Robinson sc.

Tho Parnell

Published by William Pickering London 1833.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS PARNELL



LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING
1833

CHARLES WHITTINGHAM,
LONDON.

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EPISTLE

TO THE

REV. ALEXANDER DYCE, A.B.

"Come, with that pensive brow, that forehead fair,
And that rich length of dark redundant hair;
Come, with those winning graces that enthrall'd,
And held my poor heart captive:"---so he call'd
To her who could not hear; yet not the less,
In dream and nightly vision he would press
Her matron lip of love, and he would strain
Her faithful bosom to his breast again,
Till Hope itself was fled, and, day by day,
The soft illusion melted all away.

Friend of my heart! to you I pour the strain
That wakes the Poet's widow'd griefs again;
Here in this breast his mirror'd sorrows see,
Each fond complaint again revives in me.
My heart reflects the melancholy line,
And more than half of Parnell's grief is mine.
With twinkling light behold, at midnight hour
The lamp is burning in the Poet's tower;
Pale o'er the page his studious brow is bent,
His eye still scans the sage's dark intent,

Dreaming with Plato,---was it but a dream?
Or him who, wandering by Cephisus' stream,
Gave to the listening vales the deep Socratic
theme.

Say what sweet voice the wearied heart shall cheer,
Win the glad smile, or wake affection's tear;
What form shall glide within the half-clos'd door,
What small light footstep press the silent floor:
What ivory arm around his neck shall twine,
And say, or seem to say,---this hour is mine!
What voice shall cry,---away, my love, away!
The nightingale is now on every spray,
Come, hear the enchanter's song, and welcome in
the May!
Ah! say why here do art and nature pour
Their charms conjoin'd in many a varied store;
Why bloom, by Flora's hand adorn'd, my bowers,
Why dance my fountains, and why laugh my flowers?
Along each velvet lawn and opening glade
Why spreads the cedar his immortal shade?
The brooks that warble, and the hills that shine,
Charm every heart, and please each eye but mine.

Though gleams the page by jealous time unroll'd,
Where the long shelves expand their rows of gold,
Tho' their rich leaves the pictur'd missals spread
With knightly tale, and gothic legend fed;
Woe to the wight who once those witching tales
has read!

Tho' round each latticed bower and shaded room,
Soft airs waft fragrant with the citron bloom.
Their bright festoons the flowery woodbines braid,
Wed tree to tree, and join the distant shade.
While from each sculptur'd urn, in beauteous row,
The rich geranium spreads its scarlet glow:
Beneath the southern sash the myrtle bears
Our ruder winters and inclement airs.
Though round the walls the pictur'd tablets shine,
And all the wealth of Titian's art is mine;
Yet no sweet voice its silver music wakes,
O'er my fond eye no form of beauty breaks,
No gentle hand my morning meal prepares,
My studious noon, my evening saunter shares;
No steps of gladness wander through the grove,
No lute is sounding from the soft alcove,
And when the summer sun sinks down to rest,
This cheek lies pillow'd on no loved one's breast.

Poet and friend! from every haunted grove,
Where, wild of wing, young fancy loves to rove;
Where'er thy devious footsteps wont to stray,
Each muse, each grace, companions of thy way,
Pause o'er the page which friendship gives to fame,
And mark the verse inscribed with Parnell's name.
See the poor minstrel leave his silent towers,
His moss-grown gardens, and neglected bowers.
Pleas'd for awhile with pilgrim-steps to roam,
He found in Twickenham's groves a dearer home,
And sooth'd alike by friendship and the muse,

For one brief moment would his sorrows lose :
With St. John's converse the slow hours beguile,
And win with song approving Harley's smile.
Yet duly, where the evening willows wave,
Seek the lone grot, and weep o'er Anna's grave.

"Where dost thou flow (methinks his voice I hear),
Thou nameless brook, whose warbles soothe my ear ;
Where spread, thou soft and visionary scene,
Thy gentle lawns and sunny slopes of green.
How wild the music steals from yonder vale!
What sweets are breathing in that western gale!
Why gleams thy spire, sweet hamlet yet unknown;
Ah! might I call thy pastoral charms my own!
Find in thy shades the long forsaken lyre,
And wake to nobler flights the sleeping wing of fire."

So duly as the vernal blossoms smile,
And win to gladness our reluctant isle,
When Venus wakes her loveliest smiles again,
Mounts her bright car, and calls her roseate train ;
Charm'd by thy voice, I leave my books and bowers,
Well pleas'd with thee to share the social hours,
Secure to find (so close our fates agree),
The friend, and such as Parnell found, in thee.

Say (for thou know'st), how glides the various day,
How time, with thee conversing, steals away.
And oh! recall (too swift our pleasures fly,)

Those kindlier seasons and that softer sky.
Through the long morn, from art to art we roam,
(For genius here has ever found a home).
See grace and truth young Newton's brows enwreathe,
From Chantrey's hand the soften'd marble breathe;
The wond'ring stranger pausing as he cries,
'Tis he—the friend long lost—that smile, those eyes
Restor'd are his,—ah! now he time defies!
Pleas'd we behold another Reynolds shine,
Lamented Lawrence! in each touch of thine;
So pure, so true, the aerial colours fall,
And blend with life the animated wall;
Flush'd with rich Nature's hues, the temper'd ray
Steals into shade, and softly melts away.
From Peel's fair eyes such streams of radiance flow,
On Richmond's cheek such bright carnations glow,
While Genius builds his throne on Canning's thoughtful brow.

Or if the Tragic Muse her sceptre wield,
All eye—all ear—intent with tears, I yield
To Kemble's charms—Nature with Art—I hear
Siddons revived again;—and now appear
(Would he had seen her, but he is no more;
Whom I remember on the midnight floor,
Breathless, with dagger clutch'd, and dripping gore;
Would he had seen her—but the silent bier

Hath pass'd Lausanne's still waters)—now appear
Each sweet reflected form that Shakespeare drew;
Verona's pallid flower surcharg'd with dew,
Young Juliet—ere her bridal robes were worn,
Sleeping with death—alas! that fatal morn!
And she whom Hamlet lov'd, the Danish maid
forlorn.

Sweets to the sweet!—not flowers, but tears we pay,
Charm'd by Thalia's laughing eyes away.
The goddess comes! ah! let not that gay smile,
Breathing each varied grace, thy heart beguile;
Though Mirth and Pleasure kindle on her brow,
Though bright the gleams of love and laughter glow,
Yet thou each soft seductive glance distrust,
And feel that beauty is not always just.
E'en as I speak, behold the Enchantress flies,
While at her feet departing pleasure lies.
Ah! had she still adorn'd the comic scene,
Then all that Oldfield was, had Mordaunt been.
The Poet's page had hail'd her growing fame,
And future Drydens dignified a name,
Of beauty more profuse, and more secure from
blame.

One moment linger!—lo! from Venus' bowers
Descends the youngest of the roseate Hours:
She comes in all her blushing beauty borne,
From the far fountains of the purple morn.
Aurora's self! what time her brow resumes,

The bright refulgence of its golden plumes.
Sylph of the earth!—the sky!—and oh! as fair
And beauteous as her sisters of the air.
In that sweet form what varied graces meet,
Love in her eye, and music in her feet.
Light as the bounding fawn along the lea,
Or lithe bird glancing on the summer tree,
Light as the foam when Venus leaves the wave,
Or blossoms fluttering over April's grave.
Mark on yon rose lights the celestial tread,
The trembling stalk but just declines its head.
Sweet Ariel floats above her as she springs.
And wafts the flying fair, and lends her wings.
Now wreath'd in radiant smiles she seems to glide,
With buoyant footstep, like Favonius' bride,
Or Psyche, zephyr-borne to Cupid's blushing side.
Her light symar in lucid beauty streams,
Of woven air, so thin the texture seems;
Round her small waist the zone young Iris binds,
And gives the sandals that command the winds;
A thousand voices challenge Music's throne.
Daughter of Air! this empire is thine own,
Here Taglioni reigns unrivall'd and alone.

Now either park invites—to deck yon plain,
See all Palladio's skill revived again.
There the bright palace rears its regal state,
The sculptur'd column and the trophied gate,

Spreads the rich frieze in marble beauty round,
And calls the distant quarry from the ground.
Each mirror'd wall in silver lustre blooms,
And Persia blushes through her flow'ry looms.
There the blue lake reflects the growing scenes,
The glittering terraces, and pendant greens,
How glow its banks! how winds each opening glade,
Thro' blooming thickets, and thro' walks of shade;
A bolder shore the admiring waters lave,
And the green island trembles in the wave.
Mark, where new vistas ope, new temples rise,
And Athens smiles beneath our northern skies.
The Enchanter calls!—the mountain waves its brow,
Through softer vales the obedient rivers flow;
Yon bending arch, where Thames his tribute pours,
Spans the long wave, and weds the opposing shores,
Pleas'd he receives his granite yoke again,
And glides with gentler murmur to the main.
Now in thy calm suburban walks we stray,
Or catch from beauty's lips the warbled lay,
When masque and music close the long declining day.

From yon grey Abbey mark the glittering beam,
O'er the rich shrines with ruby lustre stream,
Lighting the oriel;—tread, ah! gently tread!
Each stone a scholar's, or a soldier's bed.
Yon time-worn tombs, and sculptur'd marbles hold

Names, 'mid the mightiest of the earth enroll'd,
Warrior and sage; the eloquent and strong;
Ah! only weak, least valour lead to wrong.
The lips that once admiring nations heard,
The arm, whose strength retreating legions fear'd.
There lies the lightning glance that Rodney flung,
There sleep the thunders of a Chatham's tongue.
Firm 'mid corruption's cry, 'mid faction's band,
The unshaken Abdiel of a faithless land.
(A voice once heard—silent how many a year,
In the mute senate list'ning—'wouldst thou hear
Tully, or him of Tarsus, now draw near!'
Crouch'd the pale minions then—he stood alone
And shook the impending tempest from the throne.
There meek as wise, in all his wisdom just,
And true to nature, there is Newton's dust.
At every step the exulting breast shall glow,
No vulgar weakness force the tear to flow.
The blameless bard, the unblemish'd statesman, all
Whose hearts responsive throbb'd at Freedom's call,
There lie—alike their task of duty done,
A Somers here, and there an Addison.
To Virtue's eye, awful the dust appears,
The gather'd treasure of a thousand years;
Honour'd, but not deplor'd!---ah! where enshrin'd
As there, the immortality of mind!
The Patriot's breast, the Poet's tongue declare
That half the glory of the world is there.

With awe we visit, oft unmark'd the name,
Each spot that Genius consecrates to fame;

The bleeding scaffold, or the dungeon's gloom,
The sacred glories of the martyr's tomb.
Where, when the fires of death more fiercely rise
Sweet Hope, with bosom calm and radiant eyes,
Absolves the doubtful justice of the skies.
There shine, where Sidney fell, the opprobrious walls,
There the grey virtue of a Cranmer calls; [walls,
Forms how benign attend his closing years,
Majestic sorrows—penitential tears!
Tender remorse, and soft upbraidings sent
By the contrite heart, and conscience rightly bent,
Fetching forgiveness home through punishment.
There Russell stood—while love and beauty nigh,
Watch'd each low word, and caught each changing eye.
Gaz'd on the gleaming axe, the headsman's frown,
And the rich blood that stain'd the tyrant's crown.
In yon dim aisle unmark'd a Milton sleeps;
O'er Rawleigh's grave indignant virtue weeps,
Greatest, when all were great—serene and gay,
There More, unmov'd beheld life's closing day,
And frowning on his foes, great Strafford stood at bay.

Nor be the names unhonour'd in the page
Of faithful memory, calling back her age
With tears of holy joy and love divine!
To hang a pensive wreath upon the shrine
Of them who put—in hard affliction tried—
Crosier, and crown, and jewell'd robe aside;
Begging with earnest zeal to be denied.

Left all, and fled—fled to life's holier shade,
Changing the sceptre for the peasant's spade.
Perchance a monarch on his throne to-day,
To-morrow, what? a hermit lone and grey,
Asking of heaven in penitence to pray.

And such was he whom time could never wrong,
(His name would sanctify the weakest song),
Who left high Lambeth's venerable towers,
For his small heritage and humble bowers,
Conscience and faith his guide—and what if now,
Taking the mitre from his aged brow,
(Crowds round his knees, and many a furrow'd
cheek,
And glist'ning eye, that seem'd indeed to speak
Better than language, seeing him depart,
In the meek sorrows of a silent heart:
Soft gentle deeds, blossoms of love, that hung
Ever around him,—could they want a tongue?
Tears too from childhood, and the words that call,
'Father and Friend'—were heard alike from all.)
Gently he pass'd beside them, with a mien
Temper'd with hope and fortitude serene;
Nor deem him unattended with a train
Of more sublime emotions, free from pain
Of doubt or fear,—like an unclouded day
Upon the golden hills in endless ray,
A well-spring in his heart without decay;
As one who knew that god a home had made
For those he cherish'd, in the humblest shade.
Now with his staff, on his paternal ground,

Amid his orchard trees he may be found
An old man late return'd, where he was seen
Sporting a child upon the village green.
How many a changeful year had pass'd between,
Blanching his scatter'd hairs—yet leaving there
A heart kept young by piety and prayer;
That to the inquiring friend could meekly tell,
"Be not for me afflicted—it is well:
For in my great integrity I fell.
'Twas in my great integrity I made
The choice that sends me to my native shade."

Lo! Themis hall!—there the coif'd serjeant draws
Through winding eloquence the Norman laws.
Yet Justice there, severely kind, repairs
The widow's wrongs, and dries the orphan's tears.
Leans with delight on Eldon's honour'd name
(So wise his counsel, so mature his fame),
And owns (forgot the breath of public rage)
The more than Hardwicke of a later age.
Time-honour'd thou shalt be!—and though thy years
May now speak no continuance, and the fears
Of good men hang around thee—though a line,
Written by me, shall meet no eye of thine:
Yet will I in my gratitude, thy name
(Oh! that my verse were lasting, and that fame
Went with it), unto all in praise proclaim.
While others speak thee, wise and learn'd, of law

Arbiter, such as England seldom saw.
(Mute silence list'ning, and each dubious plea,
Taken by reason to thy firm decree)
Statesman and sage—a better, I will lend
A higher title still—the generous friend.

The summer sun is set—dark autumn shrouds
His dripping pinions in the southern clouds.
Thro' the pale woods the showers of foliage sweep,
And the rough surge is whitening all the deep.
Now round the social fire, and steaming urn,
O'er fragrant cups the studious lamp we burn;
Or dream of days (ah! why should fate deny!)
Long days beneath Ausonia's golden sky.
On Mincio's banks, at shut of evening hours,
The bee is sleeping in his ark of flowers:
Past are the Julian hills—and lo! the plain
Spreading by soft Adeste's green domain.
Now with the shepherd on Soracte's brow,
Gazing the marble city; now below,
Where Tiber's pale and silent waters flow.
With nicest taste our evening banquet glows,
From the rich flask old Gascon's vintage flows.
And though the stars are set, we still prolong
The cheerful converse and instructive song;
With many a tale the friendly feast refine,
And jest that sparkles in the flowing wine.
Yet ours to scorn the foul insatiate stain
Insidious Circe, and her siren train.
Chaste are the guests the timid muses bring,
And chaste as crystal dews, Apollo's spring.

Thus pleas'd we hail our W-lm-t's gifts refin'd,
So bright his numbers, and so pure his mind.
Gentle and good! if greater praise they be
Or more enduring, it belongs to thee,
Accomplish'd W-lm-t!—thy serener eye
Unmov'd beholds each tempting pleasure nigh.
Far from the fears that softer minds await,
With the sweet muse and sounding lyre elate.
Oh, eloquent of song! whose dawning ray
Now burns and brightens into purer day;
Not thine the lover's flower-encircled chain,
Long years consum'd at beauty's feet in vain,
Delusive hopes, and pleasure's laughing train:
Not thine the Teïan blooms, the Lesbian wreath,
Bedew'd with wine, and rich with beauty's breath,
Charms not thine ear the sweet Provençal tale,
Nor Arno warbling down the Etrurian vale;
Young love in vain his myrtle wand supplies,
In vain her spells the soft enchantress tries,
Though the bright shaft is wing'd with light from
B-g-t's eyes.

We read alternate, and alternate hear
Songs that might win attention's choicest ear;
Rich with the spoils of all Castalia's dew,
And truths that haughty Athens only knew.
Those tragic strains, worthy the Delphic shrine,
Of Thebes, and Pelops' race, and Troy divine;
And not unheard the surge's midnight roar
Breaking on the proud solitude, that bore
The warrior's wounded cries from Lemnos' rocky shore.

Cruel Leucadia! and ye winds that sweep
Round every Grecian isle, and hallow'd steep!
Why mourn'd ye not, when injur'd beauty gave
Her glory, and her genius to the wave;
Why heard unmov'd the immortal notes expire,
The burning breath of love, the ætherial song of fire!
Each mystic spring that feeds the Aonian well
Is ours—the music of Cyrene's shell;
Or that, the later lay thou lov'st, that told
Of those brave kings, and of the fleece of gold,
Their prows to Phasis turn'd, ploughing the Euxine old.
Gazing the wondrous barque,—the Centaur band
Shake their huge manes, and stamp the oozy strand;
Loud conchs are sounding from each mountain cave,
And through the glittering woods barbaric lances wave.
Or if the Dorian reed delight thine ear,
The shadowy vales, and wild birds warbling near.
The sparkling streams that down their channel shine,
The murmur of the bee, the whispering pine,
And sun-gilt cliffs purpled with many a vine,
Sweet violet banks beside the silver wave,
And fountains flashing from their rocky cave.
While satyr-forms, and sounds of sylvan feet
Pass by, and nymphs flying with sandals fleet.

Leave Phasidamus, and the stream that shines
Of old Anapus, and the murmuring pines!

And let the Syracusan shepherd sleep
Where through cool grots the glancing waters leap!
Now wake the harp that Chios loved to hear
In his lone caves, (no doubtful legend fear)
When Time himself was young—by Meles' stream
An old blind man was sitting; while a gleam
(It was Apollo's) lit his cheek, and young
And old around in mute attention hung;
Ionian girls were with him as he sung,
Each with her lover, and with lips apart
All stood, and breathless, and with beating heart.
Gods! 'twas a witching tale!—of heaven-built Troy
And bright-hair'd Helen, and the shepherd boy
From Ida's shores, and how the billowy tide
For her he crost, and beckoning to the bride,
'Come to green Ida's pines, my couch is there' he cried.
Beautiful Helen! by thy shepherd's cave
Ah! wilt thou dream with me of Simois' fairer wave?
And leaning on thy lover's bosom say,
While round thy feet its sparkling waters play,
"For ever, gentle stream, ah! here for ever stray."
Then did the minstrels of the house lament,
As from her bower the queen of beauty went,
Went, gliding with soft footstep, and unseen,
Fled with her lover o'er the ocean green.
And he who home returning, in his gate
Found sorrow, and a hearth all desolate;

Disgrac'd by her he lov'd—forsaken—left,
Of all the treasure of his heart bereft;
O'er her pale statue (she was imag'd there,
E'en in his hall) gazing with mute despair,
Her damask'd chambers of their mistress bare,
Her handmaids weeping round,—with tearful eye,
He knew the nuptial bower, and left it with a sigh.

Then the red beacons wav'd their beards of flame,
Then o'er the deep the mailed warriors came,
Breathing revenge—" disgrace he brought, and shame,
To the Atridæ—a dishonour'd name."
Pale Asia trembled, as the kindling strain
Woke the fierce war, and shook the ensanguin'd plain;
The battle bled—Scamander roll'd with gore.—
What shades are moving on the moonlight shore?
Who waits expectant of her lord's return
In the Argive halls? what festal torches burn?
Alas! yon broken armour, and an urn,
Is all she holds—all that is left to tell,
Beneath barbaric spears the flower of Hellas fell.
Break off!—for time is list'ning to the lay,
Heard from the syren shores, along the bay
Of green Parthenope—the later theme
Immortal, sung by him in mystic dream,
Whose marble seat is still on Arno's shelving stream.

The song is clos'd.—See Nature's darling laid
An infant yet, in Avon's classic shade.
Hark! his wild notes are floating down the vale,
Like blossoms scatter'd in the summer gale.
I mark thy hand each latent thought refine,
Stamp with the seal of truth the Delphic line;
O'er Fletcher's song bid new-born Pity weep,
And wake the Muse of Shirley from her sleep.
Oh, friend! as oft I hail thy taste refin'd,
Thy gentle manners, thy congenial mind;
Those studious hours that leave no page unknown,
Of all that Rome or Athens call'd their own;
Thine the fair flowers on Tiber's banks that smile,
And thine a wreath from each Ægean isle,
With many a violet mix'd from Britain's gothic pile;
Secure of fame, thy future path I see,
And mark another Parnell rise in thee.

Farewell! e'en now I leave, where Thames's wave
His lucid mirror spreads by St. John's grave,
(Yon little hamlet, once a vulgar name,
Lives in the lines that mark the statesman's fame,
And studious he each nobler grace to blend,
At once the senate's strength, the poet's friend).
For my lone woods I quit the insatiate throng
(The child alike of sorrow and of song);
And still the same, as when I wander'd pale

By far Sorrento's cliffs, and Sorga's vale;
Or when Ardennes' green forests saw me roam
Their leafy glens, nor wish a fairer home.
Ah! then, St. Hubert! who so pleas'd as me,
Wandering at will, beneath thy forest tree;
Or where the antler'd herds at early dawn
Graze the green wealth of many a flowery lawn;
Or list'ning in thy chapel, legends old
Of the brave knight, and of the spurs of gold,
By the grey Sacristain in mystery told.
Yet what if time around my temples pour
Its lenient dews, a sweet exhaustless store;
And Nature, to regain what grief may part,
Spread the fresh tide of feeling round the heart?—
Fled is the Morn of Life! yet left me still,
The vale secluded, and the whispering rill:
Content amid the silent woods to hear
Soft falls of water murmuring in the ear.
View the wild flowers their fragrant bells unfold,
Spread the small leaf, and ope their cups of gold.
Round the still pool the martlet's wing to see,
To mark the linnet warbling from the tree,
Or to his nectar'd hive watch home the yellow bee.
Or now at Eve, from the tall mountain's crest,
Catching the purple splendours of the West:
Yon level length of shore—the headland grey,
Far seen—and many a barge and pinnace gay,
With flag and flashing oar moor'd in the golden bay.

Pass'd is the spangling shower—well pleas'd I hail
The emerald bow that seems to span the vale.
Through the still meads then oft my steps are seen,
Where the small hamlet spreads its straggling green,
Its little orchard plot—the smiling field,
Mid tufts of auburn foliage half conceal'd,
(The Leveret's haunt) yon bank of yellow broom,
And the sweet odours of the trefoil bloom;
And not unmark'd the Naiad's hand that leads
Her winding waters through a thousand meads,
(While more remote, where the low hills extend,
Bright purple heaths and russet fallows blend);
For there the humble virtues love to rest
Secure, and shelter'd in the peasant's nest;
Like the sweet tenants of the hive, they dwell,
Gentle companions of the poor man's cell.
Pleas'd memory tells, how warm his bosom glow'd
For ills prevented, or for good bestow'd,
While the small mite, in love, in pity given,
Touch'd by his hand, became a gem in Heaven.

Uplift the latch that opes the matron's door,
Though low the roof and scanty be her store,
Yet meek content, and patient labour there,
Spread the small couch and eat their evening fare.
Safe, where no ills molest, no cares invade,
Watch'd by the genius of the rural shade;
And when that sleep (such monarchs seldom knew),

Has bath'd them in its soft celestial dew,
Rise from their rest (ere the blue morning break
From the fresh heaven, or early breezes wake,
Scattering the glist'ning drops from off the thorn,
Or list'ning in the copse the hunter's horn);
And duly as the sun, and day by day,
Tread the same path through life's unwearied way;
Their frugal virtues wisdom's eye admires,
Where prudence guards what industry acquires.
The glassy brook—the bee-hive at the door—
The golden sheaf—the garden's fragrant store,
Their little wants supply, they ask no more.
While leisure loves in these sequester'd bowers
The soft oblivion of the silent hours.
And are there not who oft have cried in vain,
"Ah, give to me my russet weeds again!"
See, bending o'er her wheel with patient care,
Her cheek just shaded by her nut-brown hair,
Content the cottage maid is singing there.
How fresh for her the vernal zephyr blows!
For her how fair the purple morning glows!
Her's the green earth in all its beauty given,
And her's the bright transparent dome of heaven.
Tired nature rests—the sun declines his rays,
Round the warm hearth the evening fagots blaze.
Stretch'd by the cheerful fire, the genial board,
They wish not Russell's wealth, nor Gideon's hoard:
Nor envy they, by summer fountain laid,
The lords of Chatsworth, or of Ragley's shade.

Wandering I see at twilight's gentlest hour
The lights that linger on the village tower,
Watch the soft clouds their faëry lustre leave,
Like isles, that gem the emerald sky of eve,
Catch every changing hue, the amber fold,
Bright ruby gleams, and lakes of floating gold;
Refulgent tints, that mimic art defy,
And spread a nobler purple down the sky.
Now o'er the vale descends a darker hue,
(The distant mill-sail lessening to the view)
And where the grange its garners broad extends,
Forest and field a lengthening shadow blends.
I pass the woodman on his homeward way,
The lowing kine, the sports that close the day,
When all the budding groves are green in May;
Catch from the distant fold the tinkling bell,
In the still evening heard—that seems to tell,
'Ye vales and uplands grey a long and last farewell!'

Studious of song! 'tis thine with ease to blend
Learning with mirth, the instructor and the friend.
'Tis thine to point the page where taste presides,
Where wit enlivens, and where genius guides;
To show the knowledge deep, the judgment clear,
The varying fancy sportive or severe.
With curious toil (nor mean the praise) to trace
Each finer harmony, each latent grace,
Recall the wanderings of a thoughtless age

To Spenser's song, or Shakespeare's bolder page,
Mark each connecting chain, each deep design,
And pour fresh lustre on the glowing line;
With just remark refine the poet's lays,
And give the critic's art a higher praise.
Touch'd by no meaner hand, so pleas'd I see
The wreath that Gifford wore, descend to thee.

Come then, alike in converse grave or gay,
Speed the swift hours, and share the social day;
Leave the huge city's throng, the tumult loud,
Absolved of care, and sacred from the crowd.
(Thy hand the Muses' various gifts inspire
To dip the pencil, or to wake the lyre;)
Aid me to wind my banks, direct my shade,
Slope the green lawn, or roll the broad cascade,
Collect the flowers the cultur'd garden yields,
And glean the soft instruction of the fields;
Paint with new light the mountain's florid brow,
And wake the genius of the flood below.
With calm desires and gentlest wishes blest,
Here mayst thou choose of nature's gifts the best.
Thine is the laurel shade—the chesnut bower,
When summer glows beneath the noontide hour.
The vernal walk is thine—the soften'd scene,
Sweet evening lights, and golden skies serene;
The fresh airs moving o'er the mottled sea,
And Hesper's fragrant lamp, that burns for thee.

Calm leisure waits thee here—nor thou disdain

Our humbler annals, and inglorious plain.
Once to these silent woods young Milton came,
(The site, the shade now consecrate to fame)
Time holds not in his hand a more immortal
name.
Then was the hour when with exulting spring,
Youth lent to Genius all its fiery wing,
When Fancy roam'd the rich creation free;
A line, a word---was immortality.
In all the wealth of Plato's mind array'd,
When science wooed him in the olive shade,
He came—the friend in converse sweet to cheer,
(Waking the memory of each youthful year,
When, ere the lark had sung, at matin tide,
Building high thoughts, in converse side by side;
Oft by the early shepherd they were seen,
Or old Damœtas on the dewy green)
Sure in that little Tusculum to find
The ripen'd wisdom of a scholar's mind.
The first his young enamour'd feet to lead
By many a flowery rock and haunted mead,
Wet with Castalian dews—each bold design
Urging, till now along the steep divine,
He caught the gleam of Phœbus' golden shrine.
Heard round its gates the hallow'd laurels wave,
And sound of choral fountains warbling in their
cave.

Behold! not far remov'd, yon elmy vale;
Whose branching foliage screens the mossy pale;

There the last refuge of his exiled woes,
The village pastor's humble dwelling rose,
Who far from worldly cares, from worldly strife,
Watch'd the calm sunset of his closing life.
Fix'd in these sheltering vales his peaceful seat,
Amid the silent blessings of retreat,
Pleas'd 'mid his books, his fold, his farm to stray,
And pass, as Tully pass'd, the approving day.
Or him the lov'd of Earth—the sent of Heaven,
To whom the knowledge of its will was given;
Guide of the wanderer—teacher of the blind,
Well was he call'd—the Wisest of Mankind.

Ah, mark, with reverence mark, each willowy glade,
Each wild-wood walk where oft the poet stray'd,
His favourite path beneath yon hawthorns green,
Where the small glow-worm's emerald lamp was seen,
Star of the earth—of eve!—yon bank of flowers,
Detain'd him musing through the noontide hours;
And still the traveller points the green retreat,
The crystal waters and the Muses' seat,
There would he watch the morning's dewy beam
Tremble with silver lustre on the stream,
Or view, as the mild shades of evening blend,
The orb of glory to his couch descend.
And oft before his youthful eyes there came
Bright gleams, the Aurora of his future fame;
He felt the gale that blew from Mars's hill,
He heard the murmurs of Ilissus' rill.

Gaz'd on each marble shrine, each sacred fane,
Fresh rising (thus it seem'd), and that lov'd plain,
Where Athens saw her own Minerva reign.
Genius of Greece! what sounds his ear invade,
Breath'd by thy lips from Delphi's depth of shade!
How roll the kindling numbers soft or strong,
In all the awful majesty of song.
What voice prophetic sounds from Cirrha's cave!
How sweet the warbling of the Thespian wave!
Lov'd Amymonè! and ye gales that bring
The silver drops to pale Pyrene's spring,
Shook from your lucid plumes!---ye linger'd there,
Waking soft echoes from the listening air.
While o'er each twilight vale, and haunted grove,
Young Fancy's hand its wild embroidery wove,
Flung o'er the earth, a light immortal given,
And hung with flowery brede the purple zone of heaven.

Him by far Deva's banks the Muses found
(Their favourite haunt) or Severn's western bound,
Musing on Merlin's art (his earliest theme),
Or Uther's son;—then by the shadowy stream
Of Trent or Tamar, visions strange would be
Of ships from Troy, ploughing the British sea.
First from Kent's chalky headlands the salt tide
Dividing, were green Ida's oaks espied,
Bound for th' old giant's isle—anon they past
The shore, and Brutus' colours on the mast.

Then (twilight dreams) would fabling fancy tell
Of the dark talisman, the potent spell,
And dwarfs, an elfin crew, around the sorcerer's cell;
Of fragrant groves, with mystic garlands hung,
Of viewless harps on high (tales yet unsung),
Tall steeds caparison'd, and knights afield,
The glittering scutcheon, and the emblazon'd shield,
The trumpet wailing o'er the warrior slain;
(Like him who fell on Fontarabia's plain;
The peerless chief long wept in many a poet's strain.)
There the rich doors their ivory valves unfold,
Forth issuing many a knight and emir old,
And broider'd caftans shine, and garments stiff with gold.
Crossing the sunny cove, with glancing sail,
There flits the fairy pinnace down the gale.
Round the tall prow the sparkling waves behold,
The silken cordage, and the cloth of gold.
Child of the sea!—the mantle and the ring,
And the bright sword proclaim the Armoric king!
There, touch'd with light the rich pavilion gleams,
Where the green forest's pensile foliage streams.
Stretch'd on the ground the weary falconers lie,
Gaze-hound, and horn, and bleeding quarry nigh;
And mantling on his perch, the hooded hawk [on high.
Sweet forms were seen, and voices down the glade,
Tapestry and lute, on moss and wild flowers laid,

And many an ermin'd cap and jewell'd ring,
And the blue plumage of the Heron's wing,
And milk-white hinds, the fairest creatures seen,
Tripping with snowy feet across the alleys green.

Bright was the bower, a silver colonnade
Spread its sun-chequer'd floor, where light and shade
Alternate with the varying zephyr play'd.
Young lips were trembling with sweet whispers there:
" Lady, I could have lov'd thee, though less fair."
How soft the breath of that consenting sigh!
How bright the glances of that falcon eye!
The look, the smile—a hermit's heart 'twould cheer:
When beauty speaks—who can refuse to hear?
Then vows were made; " Witness ye stars that shine!"
And—" Nay, sir Knight:" and " gentle may-flower mine!"
While chess and tables wile the hours away,
With many a song between, and lusty roundelay.

But hark! a cry!—' to horse—no time afford,
Grasp *thou* the lance, and gird *thou* on the sword!
The foe's at hand—a field of blood to-day—
Each to the rescue, fly—away, away!'
Chang'd is the scene—down yon sequester'd vale
The chaunt comes floating from the cloisters pale.
Psalter in hand, the long procession moves,

The tapers glare amid the yellow groves,
Then the low requiem's heard,—the prayer to save,
And holy symbols mark the Christian warrior's
grave.

Such were the pictur'd shadows that around
Bright fancy scatter'd on the enamell'd ground
From her rich urn—feeding the poet's mind
With visionary spells and truths refin'd;
And prescient of his future fame, bestow'd
The aspiring thought, and breath'd the words
that glow'd.
Perchance by Harewood's tangled groves, or now
Musing upon the solitary brow
Of that dark rock, shadowing Sabrina's cave,
Her lily-paved banks, and pearly wave.
And, lo! rose other forms to meet him there,
The enchanted wood, the gentle lady fair,
The wizard's crystal glass, and that delusive
chair.

J. Mitford.

Benhall, Sept. 1, 1832.

NOTES.

P. iv. *Anna's grave*] Parnell married Miss Anne Minchin. See his Life.

P. vi. *Mordaunt been*] Since this poem was written, this accomplished actress has again delighted the stage, by condescending to reappear on it. I may say, with Swift, in allusion to my own premature lament,

'His worship is bit
By that rogue Nisbitt.'

No actress ever received so much commendation from the lyre as Mrs. Oldfield; all Parnassus conspired to praise her. The ashes of Siddons's fame are fortunately placed in a poet's hand.

P. x. *Love and beauty nigh*] Lady Russell sate by her husband's side during his trial, and acted as his amanuensis.

'That sweet saint who sate by Russell's side.'
Rogers's Human Life.

P. xii. *great integrity*] These were the words that Arch. Sancroft addressed to his chaplain on his death-bed. He retired to a small patrimonial farm at Fressingfield, in Suffolk, where he died, and where his monument is erected.

P. xiii. *Adestes' green domain*] Is an expression, I believe, of Mr. Whitehead, the Laureate, but I speak from memory.

P. xvi. *Beautiful Helen*] A person of great authority, but whose name is too venerable to be mentioned; affirms that there never were but *five* women who were perfectly beautiful, and that there never will be a *sixth*. They are—Semiramis—Helen—Cleopatra—Diana of Poictiers—Ninon de L'En-

clos. Thus France has the glory of furnishing two. I do not dare to reveal my authority, but refer to a book called Gallerie de l'Ancienne Cour ou Mémoires, &c.—requesting timid readers to forbear from searching more deeply into the subject. The death of the beautiful Louisa de Budes, wife of Henry, first constable of Montmorenci; who died in 1599, has thrown a melancholy suspicion on the *manner* in which *remarkable* beauty is acquired, and the tenure on which it is held.

P. xvi. *Then did the minstrels*] See the Agamemnon of Æschylus; *προφῆται*, has been translated 'minstrels.'

P. xvii. *marble seat*] The marble chair, on which Dante sate, is not (I think) now at Florence.

P. xviii. *little hamlet*] Lord Bolingbroke is buried in the church of Battersea, where he lived in the later years of his life, and died of a long and cruel disease—a cancer in the face. Dr. King wrote a poem on his Lordship's return from France, in which, after comparing him to *Iris*, he says,

> 'The virgins ran, as to unusual show,
> When he to Paris came, and Fontainbleau,
> Viewing the blooming minister desired, &c.
>
> Oh! all ye nymphs, while time and youth allow,
> Prepare the rose and lily for his brow.
> Much he has done, but still has more to do.'

Strange compliments these! to those who knew his lordship's character.

P. xix. *St. Hubert*] The legend of St. Hubert is familiar to most persons (I presume); from the engraving of A. Durer's picture. The relics of St. Hubert are venerated among the peasantry of the Ardennes, and are considered efficacious in the cure of canine madness. I was detained there by the Belgian police, and narrowly escaped a long imprisonment, having penetrated too far in search of the Picturesque.

P. xxiv. *young Milton*] Milton visited his old tutor, Thomas Young, who then resided at his Vicarage-house,

at Stowmarket, in Suffolk, after his return from Hamburgh. See Milton's Latin letter to him, poem, &c.

P. xxvi. *ships from Troy*] See Milton's Hist. of England, and the old Chroniclers; Britain was called the island of the Giants.

P. xxvii. *fabling fancy*] These and the following lines are merely rude sketches of some of the favourite and familiar subjects of books of chivalry and old romances, which (it is well known) formed one branch of Milton's study in his youth.

P. xxvii. *Armoric King*] Amadis de Gaul.

P. xxviii. *tables*] The old game of 'tables' is supposed to be draughts, or backgammon, I forget which of the two.

P. xxix. *the enchanted wood*] Alluding to Milton's Comus, a poem showing at once his classical taste and romantic studies. The five years of study which Milton passed at his father's house in Buckinghamshire, laid the massive foundation of his immense and well arranged learning; and fed his youthful genius with the richest and most select stores of poetry. Italy certainly beheld with astonishment, but without envy, the accomplished scholar and poet, from whose lips she heard the language of Tiber and Arno, as musically and correctly as from her own.

THE LIFE OF PARNELL,

BY THE REVEREND JOHN MITFORD.

I AM sorry, that it is not in my power to spread before the admirers of Parnell, some richer stores of biographical anecdote: nor do I know where I could refer them to more copious sources of information. I am not aware that any materials were collected by his friends or contemporaries, certainly no life of him was composed. For the little knowledge of the poet which we possess, we are indebted to Goldsmith; the elegance of whose narrative, and the justice of whose criticisms has been long acknowledged; but the facts which he collected were so few, that Dr. Johnson, who went to Goldsmith's life for information, has included his account of the poet, both personal and literary, in the narrow space of four pages. Perhaps it would have been as well, in the absence of fresh information, to have republished the life written by Goldsmith, but as that was not consistent with the plan of the present work, and as I have picked up a few gleanings relating to Parnell's domestic history unnoticed by others, I shall endeavour to lay before my readers as full an ac-

count as I can give of the circumstances in his life which have come down to us, adding a few observations on the poems which he has left. I am afraid that it is now too late to supply by any diligence of inquiry, what the negligence of his contemporaries omitted to record. Had we been permitted to know more, we should certainly not have contemplated a life chequered by vicissitude, or variegated by incident; but we might have derived some information from tracing the line of his studies, and observing the progress of his knowledge; nor would it have been uninteresting to have watched the gradual refinement of his taste, and taken a nearer survey of those social virtues and captivating qualities of mind, which rendered his acquaintance desirable, and secured to him the cordial friendship of Harley and Pope. As it is, we must be content to know that Parnell added the pleasing qualities of a companion, to the elegant invention of the poet. "When the poet's fame, as Goldsmith says, is increased by time, it is then too late to investigate the peculiarities of his disposition; the dews of the morning are past, and we vainly try to continue the chase by the meridian splendour."

Thomas Parnell was descended from an ancient family[1] that for some centuries had been settled at

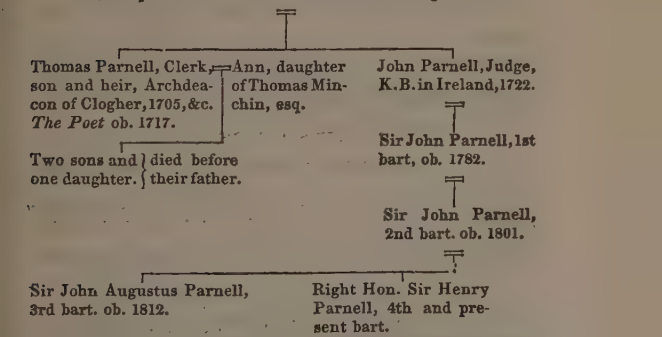
[1] For the following pedigree of our poet, I am indebted to the kindness of Sir Harris Nicolas, who refers me to

Congleton, in Cheshire. His father, Thomas Parnell, was attached to the Commonwealth party, and at the restoration went over to Ireland, where he purchased a considerable estate, which, with his property in Cheshire, descended to our poet.

Parnell was born in Dublin, in 1679, and was educated at the school of Dr. Jones in that city; he is said to have distinguished himself by an extraordinary quickness of memory, which enabled him in one night to complete a task that was intended to confine him many days, and it is said that he could repeat forty lines of any book after the first reading. It is probable that this account,

Playfair's British Family Antiquity, vol. ix. p. cxvii. in the absence of better authority, and who observes that of Irish baronets very little is known.

Thomas Parnell, member of a family long resident at Congleton, county Chester, purchased an estate in Ireland, temp. Charles II. and settled in that kingdom.


Thomas Parnell, Clerk, son and heir, Archdeacon of Clogher, 1705, &c. The Poet ob. 1717.
Ann, daughter of Thomas Minchin, esq.
John Parnell, Judge, K.B. in Ireland, 1722.
Two sons and one daughter. died before their father.
Sir John Parnell, 1st bart, ob. 1782.
Sir John Parnell, 2nd bart. ob. 1801.
Sir John Augustus Parnell, 3rd bart. ob. 1812.
Right Hon. Sir Henry Parnell, 4th and present bart.

N.B. Nothing is said of the family in Ormerod's Cheshire.

though overcharged, may be in the main true; a ready memory is not always retentive; and the system pursued in the education of schools has of necessity a greater tendency to sharpen the faculty of seizing and collecting facts, than to bestow that generalizing and philosophical power by which they are arranged and preserved. The verses which he learned with so much facility were probably as quickly forgotten. The almost instantaneous rapidity with which some actors on the stage have been known to remember and repeat passages of great length,[1] is hardly more astonishing, than the shortness of the time during which the fleeting impressions remained upon their mind.

Goldsmith says, that his admission at the age of thirteen into the college at Dublin is a proof of the early maturity of his understanding. His compositions shew the extent and solidity of his classical knowledge. He took the degree of Master of Arts on the 9th July, 1700, in the same year he was ordained a deacon by William, Bishop of Derry, having a dispensation, by reason of his being under the canonical age. About three years after he was ordained priest, and in

[1] See a remarkable instance of this power of rapidly seizing long passages, in the anecdotes of La Mothe's life. Voltaire was reading a tragedy to him,—La Mothe accused him of plagiarism, and instantly repeated the whole of the second scene of the fourth act, which he had just heard, to confirm the accusation. See Galerie de l'ancienne Cour, &c. vol. ii. p. 223.

1705, Sir George Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, conferred on him the Archdeaconry of Clogher. At this time he married Miss Ann Minchin,[1] a young lady of more than usual beauty, and of great merit, by whom he had two sons, who died young, and a daughter who long survived him.

Being the son of a Commonwealth's man, it might naturally be expected that Parnell would have embraced the principles and politics of the Whigs; but he was persuaded, by motives with which we are not acquainted, to change his party; and in the end of Queen Anne's reign, when the Whigs went out of office, Parnell was received by the new ministry 'as a valuable reinforcement.'[2]

When Lord Oxford was told that Parnell waited among the crowd in the outer room, he went, by the persuasion of Swift, with his treasurer's staff in his hand to inquire for him;[3] the dedication

[1] Dr. Johnson calls her *Mrs.* Anne Minchin,—at what time did the title 'Miss' supersede 'Mrs.' for young unmarried females? the young ladies of the Lizard family (see the Guardian, 1713) are called Mrs. Mary, Mrs. Betty, &c. yet 'Miss' is sometimes used; Perhaps, the play-bills would give the period of change with the most exactness. Would it not be as well to revert to the old custom, and confine the use of 'Miss' to ladies of a certain character; giving to chastity and virtue a graver and weightier title.—'Hæ nugæ in seria ducunt.'

[2] See Johnson's life, p. 50.

[3] "Have you nothing new to day,
From Pope, from *Parnell*, or from Gay,"
is a couplet put by Swift into Lord Oxford's mouth (Hor.

of Pope seems to prove that he was admitted as a favourite companion to the convivial hours of the minister; and that even the business of office was delayed, when the treasurer wished to indulge in the delight of the poet's conversation.[1]

> "For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,
> Pleased to forget the statesman in the friend."

While Parnell remained in London, he often preached in the different churches of the metropolis; Johnson speaks of this as arising from his vanity or ambition; did he, a sincere and zealous churchman, forget that preaching was one of the chief duties of Parnell's profession; and that he imparted moral advice and religious instruction, through the only channel which was open to one who possessed no parish of his own. Parnell preached to attentive audiences chiefly in the city and about Southwark, and his eloquence and knowledge made him popular. The queen's death however precluded any hopes of preferment from the interest of his Tory friends; and Johnson

lib. ii. s. 6. imitated). See Parnell's Posth. Poem on Queen Anne's Peace, p. 202. for the highest Eulogy on Lord Oxford.

[1] In Swift's letter to Lord Oxford for correcting, &c. the English Tongue, he says, 'All your other virtues, my lord, will be defective without this your affability, candour, and good nature. That perpetual *agreeableness of conversation so disengaged in the midst of such a weight of business and opposition*,' &c. *Miscellanies*, 1. p. 224.

more than hints, that his religious zeal cooled, in proportion as his prospects of advancement closed. I do not, however, think that we have a right to adopt an opinion, perhaps hastily advanced, and which leads to so unfavorable a construction of our poet's conduct.

About this time he had the misfortune to lose his wife;[1] and in the great disappointment of his hopes, and dejection of spirits which followed, Pope represents him as having fallen into some intemperance of wine.[2] Pope and Swift were not

[1] Swift, in his journal to Stella, Aug. 24, 1712, says, 'I am heartily sorry for poor Mrs. Parnell's death; she seemed to be an excellent good natured young woman, and, I believe, the poor lad is much afflicted; they appeared to live perfectly well together.'

[2] In the first MS. Memoranda of Pope's conversation, as preserved in Spence's Anecdotes, Pope is made to say,—'that Parnell is a great follower of drams, and strangely open and scandalous in his debaucheries,'—this was omitted in the transcript; Spence probably thought it not correct. It is somewhat singular, as the Editor of Spence observes, that the same charge of dram-drinking has been brought against Pope himself, in King's Anecdotes of his Own Time, p. 12, 'Pope hastened his death by feeding much on high seasoned dishes, and *drinking spirits*.' See Spence's Anecdotes, p. 139. Ruffhead, on the authority of Warburton, has given a different account of the cause which led to Parnell's intemperance. When Parnell had been introduced by Swift to Lord Treasurer Oxford, and had been established in his favour by the assistance of Pope, he soon began to entertain ambitious views. The walk he chose to shine in was popular preaching; he had talents for it, and began to be distinguished in the mob-places of Southwark and London,

lovers of the bottle, though the former did not dislike the delicacies of a luxurious table; perhaps he has mentioned a little too strongly this weakness of his friend; certain it is, that Parnell did not lose the respect of society, or the attachment of his patrons; for Archbishop King, at the request of Swift, gave him a prebendal stall in 1713, and in May, 1716, presented him with the vicarage of Finglass, in the diocess of Dublin, worth about four hundred pounds a year.[1] He did not, however, long live to enjoy his preferment and prosperity; and died at Chester in July, 1717, in his thirty-eighth year, while on his way to Ireland, and was buried at Trinity Church in that town.

His estate devolved on his only nephew, Sir John Parnell, whose father was younger brother to the

when the Queen's sudden death destroyed all his prospects, and at a juncture when he found preaching to be the readiest road to preferment. This fatal stroke broke his spirits; he took to drinking, became a sot, and soon finished his course.' See Ruffhead's Life of Pope, p. 492, who says that Pope gave the above account to Warburton; much difference exists between Pope's own account of his friends, and the characters of them, which Warburton subsequently gave as Pope's; see an instance of this in Johnson's Life of Rowe.

[1] There seems to be some error in the value which the biographers of Parnell have placed on this living; for Swift in his 'Vindication of his Excellency Lord Carteret,' speaks of him as bestowing on Mr. James Stafford the Vicarage of Finglass, worth about *one hundred pounds a year*. This was written in the year 1730. I have no doubt but that Goldsmith's valuation is erroneous; for Swift seems to doubt whether his own Deanery was worth more than four hundred pounds a year.

Archdeacon, and one of the Justices of the King's Bench in Ireland. No monument marked his grave; but his epitaph has been written by Johnson.

Hic requiescit Thomas Parnell, S.T.P.
Qui Sacerdos pariter et Poeta
Utrasque partes ita implevit,
Ut neque Sacerdoti Suavitas poetæ
Nec Poetæ Sacerdotis Sanctitas deesset.[1]

Such is the small amount of facts which has been preserved relating to the poet. I must now borrow from Goldsmith's narrative some account of his mental qualities and habits, for which the biographer was indebted to the information of his father and uncle: while I just mention, that if the account given is correct, the poems of Parnell do not form a clear transcript of his mind; nor could we, through the veil of their light and graceful gaiety, discern the feelings of a person whose passions were so strong, and whose life was an unfortunate alternation of rapture and agony. I shall leave to others to explain how far such violent and unrestrained habits were compatible with his delightful qualities as a companion;

'With sweetest manners gentlest arts adorn'd.'

but it is said, that he knew the ridicule which his strongly contrasted character[2] excited; though he

[1] Boswell's Johnson, vol. iv. p. 54.

[2] In his preface to Homer, p. xxxviii. Pope says, 'I must add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, though I shall take a farther opportunity of doing justice to the last, whose GOOD NATURE (to give it a great panegyrick), is no less extensive than his learning.'

could not soften or subdue the impetuous feelings that formed it.

"Parnell," says his biographer, "by what I have been able to collect from my father and uncle, *who knew him*, was the most capable man in the world to make the happiness of those he conversed with, and the least able to secure his own. He wanted that evenness of disposition which bears disappointment with phlegm, and joy with indifference. He was ever much elated or depressed, and his whole life spent in agony or rapture. But the turbulence of these passions only affected himself, and never those about him; he knew the ridicule of his own character, and very effectually raised the mirth of his companions as well at his vexations as his triumphs.

"How much his company was desired, appears from the extensiveness of his connexions and the number of his friends. Even before he made any figure in the literary world, his friendship was sought by persons of every rank and party.[1] The wits at that time differed a good deal from those who are most eminent for their understanding at present. It would now be thought a very indifferent sign of a writer's good sense, to disclaim his

[1] Parnell was well acquainted with Bolingbroke; see the poem called Queen Anne's Peace, 1713 (Posth. Poems, p. 248).

'——— I fly with speed,
To sing such lines as Bolingbroke may read.'

And see p. 253.

private friends for happening to be of a different party in politics, but it was then otherwise. The Whig wits held the Tory wits in great contempt, and those retaliated in their turn. At the head of one party were Addison, Steele, and Congreve; at that of the other, Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot. Parnell was a friend to both sides, and with a liberality becoming a scholar, scorned all those trifling distinctions that are noisy for the time and ridiculous to posterity. Nor did he emancipate himself from these without some opposition from home. Having been the son of a commonwealth's man, his Tory connexions on this side of the water gave his friends in Ireland great offence; they were much enraged to see him keep company with Pope, Swift, and Gay; they blamed his undistinguishing taste, and wondered what pleasure he could find in the conversation of men who approved the treaty of Utrecht, and disliked the Duke of Marlborough."

His conversation is said to have been extremely pleasing. The letters which were written to him by his friends are full of compliments upon his

'These toils the graceful Bolingbroke attends,
A genius fashion'd for the greatest ends,' &c.

And the poem on the different styles of poetry is dedicated to him, and also contains high praise of him:

'Oh! Bolingbroke! O favourite of the skies,' &c.

See also the extracts from Swift's Journal, when the acquaintance had ripened into intimacy.

talents as a companion, and his good nature as a man. Pope was particularly fond of his company, and seems to regret his absence more than the rest. The letters which he addressed to Parnell will be read with interest; they bear ample testimony of his affection, and show that Pope knew and respected Parnell's acquirements as a scholar.[1] From one of the letters it appears, that Parnell assisted him in the translation of the Scholiasts and Commentators[2] on Homer, a task afterwards more fully performed by Jortin. Pope's scanty and superficial knowledge of Greek must have made this assistance of great value; nor am I aware that the translator of Homer numbered among his friends, another scholar of equal acquirements.[3] Gay, as Goldsmith observes, was obliged to him on another account; for being always poor, he was not above receiving from Parnell the copy-money which the latter got for his writings.

[1] Warton, vol. viii. p. 301---313, vii. 299.

[2] See Pope's Letters (Warton's ed.), vol. viii. p. 276, Let. LXXXVIII. 'The first gentleman who undertook the task of making extracts from Eustathius, and who grew weary.' Was this person Parnell, or some one else, whose name has not reached us?

[3] In the Posthumous Poems (Elysium) he gives a wrong quantity to Laodamia, p. 268,

'Fair Laodamia mourns her nuptial right,' &c.

which perhaps he took from Dryden's Ovid, who uses the word Deidamia, with the penultimate syllable short.

MR. POPE TO DR. PARNELL.

Dear Sir, London, July 29.

I WISH it were not as ungenerous as vain, to complain too much of a man that forgets me, but I could expostulate with you a whole day, upon your inhuman silence—I call it inhuman, nor would you think it less, if you were truly sensible of the uneasiness it gives me. Did I know you so ill, as to think you proud, I would be much less concerned than I am able to be, when I know one of the best natured men alive neglects me. Or if you know me so ill as to think amiss of me with regard to my friendship for you, you really do not deserve half the trouble you occasion me. I need not tell you that both Mr. Gay and myself have written several letters in vain; that we are constantly enquiring of all who have seen Ireland, if they saw you, and that (forgotten as we are) we are every day remembering you in our most agreeable hours. All this is true, as that we are sincerely lovers of you, and deplorers of your absence, and that we form no wish more ardently than that which brings you over to us. We have lately had some distant hopes of the dean's design to revisit England. Will not you accompany him? or is England to lose every thing that has any charm for us, and must we pray for banishment as a benediction.

I have once been witness of some, I hope all of your splenetic hours; come, and be a comforter

in your turn to me in mine. I am in such an unsettled state, that I can't tell if I shall ever see you, unless it be this year. Whether I do or not, be ever assured, you have as large a share of my thoughts and good wishes as any man, and as great a portion of gratitude in my heart, as would enrich a monarch could he know where to find it. I shall not die without testifying something of this nature, and leaving to the world a memorial of the friendship that has been so great a pleasure and pride to me. It would be like writing my own epitaph, to acquaint you with what I have lost since I saw you, what I have done, what I have thought, where I have lived, and where I now repose in obscurity. My friend Jervas, the bearer of this, will inform you of all particulars concerning me; and Mr. Ford is charged with a thousand loves, and a thousand complaints, and a thousand commissions, to you on my part. They will both tax you with the neglect of some promises which were too agreeable to us all to be forgot. If you care for any of us, tell them so, and write so to me. I can say no more, but that I love you, and am, in spite of the longest neglect or absence,

Dear sir, yours, &c.

Gay is in Devonshire, and from thence he goes to Bath: my father and mother never fail to commemorate you.

TO THE SAME.

Binfield, near Oakingham.

Dear Sir, Tuesday.

I BELIEVE the hurry you were in hindered your giving me a word by the last post, so that I am yet to learn whether you got well to town, or continue so there. I very much fear both for your health, and your quiet, and no man living can be more truly concerned in any thing that touches either, than myself. I would comfort myself, however, with hoping that your business may not be unsuccessful for your sake, and that at least, it may soon be put into other proper hands. For my own, I beg earnestly of you to return to us as soon as possible. You know how very much I want you, and that however your business may depend upon another, my business depends entirely on you, and yet still I hope you will find your man, even though I lose you the mean while. At this time the more I love, the worse I can spare you, which alone will, I dare say, be a reason to you, to let me have you back the sooner. The minute I lost you; Eustathius, with nine hundred pages, and nine thousand contractions of the Greek character, arose to my view. Spondanus with all his auxiliaries, in number a thousand pages (value three shillings), and Dacier's three volumes, Barnes' two, Voltaire's three, Cuperus, half in Greek, Leo Allatius three parts in Greek, Scaliger, Macrobius, and (worse than them all) Aulus Gellius; all these

rushed upon my soul at once, and whelmed me under a fit of the head ache. Dear sir, not only as you are a friend, and a good natured man, but as you are a Christian and a Divine, come back speedily and prevent the increase of my sins; for at the rate I have began to rave, I shall not only damn all the poets and commentators who have gone before me, but be damned myself by all who come after me. To be serious, you have not only left me to the last degree impatient for your return, who at all times should have been so; (though never so much as since I knew you in best health here,) but you have wrought several miracles upon our family; you have made old people fond of a young and gay person, and inveterate papists of a clergyman of the church of England. Even nurse herself is in danger of being in love in her old age; and for ought I know, would even marry Dennis for your sake, because he is your man and loves his master. In short, come down forthwith, or give me good reasons for delaying, though but for a day or two, by the next post. If I find them just, I will come up to you, though you must know how precious my time is at present, my hours were never worth so much money before; but perhaps you are not sensible of this, who give away your own works. You are a generous author, I a hackney scribbler, you are a Grecian and bred at a university; I, a poor Englishman, of my own educating. You are a reverend par-

son, I a wag; in short, you are Doctor Parnelle (with an e at the end of your name), and I your most obliged and affectionate friend and faithful servant.

My hearty service to the Dean, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Ford, and the true genuine shepherd, Gay of Devon, I expect him down with you.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir,

I WRITE to you with the same warmth, the same zeal of good will and friendship, with which I used to converse with you two years ago, and cannot think myself absent when I feel you so much at my heart. The picture of you which Jervas brought me over, is infinitely less lively a representation than that I carry about with me, and which rises to my mind whenever I think of you. I have many an agreeable reverie through those woods and downs where we once rambled together. My head is sometimes at the Bath, and sometimes at Litcomb, where the Dean makes a great part of my imaginary entertainment, this being the cheapest way of treating me. I hope he will not be displeased at this manner of paying my respects to him, instead of following my friend Jervas's example, which, to say the truth, I have as much inclination to do, as I want ability. I have been ever since December last in greater variety of business than any such men as you (that is divines and philosophers) can possibly imagine a reason-

able creature capable of. Gay's play among the rest has cost much time and long-suffering, to stem a tide of malice and party, that authors have raised against it. The best revenge against such fellows is now in my hands: I mean your Zoilus, which really transcends the expectation I had conceived of it. I have put it into the press, beginning with the poem Batrachom: for you seem by the first paragraph of the dedication to it, to design to prefix the name of some particular person. I beg therefore to know for whom you intend it, that the publication may not be delayed on this account; and this as soon as possible. Inform me also on what terms I am to deal with the bookseller, and whether you design the copy money for Gay, as you formerly talked: what number of books you would have yourself, &c. I scarce see any thing to be altered in this whole piece; *in the poems you sent, I will take the liberty you allow me.* The story of Pandora, and the Eclogue upon Health, are two of the most beautiful things I ever read. I don't say this to the prejudice of the rest: but as I have read these oftener. Let me know how far my commission is to extend, and be confident of my punctual performance of whatever you enjoin. I must add a paragraph on this occasion, in regard to Mr. Ward, whose verses have been a great pleasure to me; I will contrive they shall be so to the world, wherever I can find a proper opportunity of publishing them.

I shall very soon print an entire collection of my own Madrigals, which I look upon as making my last will and testament, since in it I shall give all I ever intend to give (which I'll beg your's and the Dean's acceptance of): you must look on me no more as a poet; but a plain commoner who lives upon his own, and fears and flatters no man. I hope before I die to discharge the debt I owe to Homer, and get upon the whole just fame enough to serve for an annuity for my own time, though I leave nothing to posterity.

I beg our correspondence may be more frequent than it has been of late. I am sure my esteem and love for you never more deserved it from you, or more prompted it from you. I desired our friend Jervas, (in the greatest hurry of my business) to say a great deal in my name, both to yourself and the Dean, and must once more repeat the assurances to you both, of an unchanging friendship and unalterable esteem, I am, dear sir, most entirely,

Your, &c.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Sir,

I WAS last summer in Devonshire, and am this winter at Mrs. Bonyer's. In the summer I wrote a poem, and in the winter I have published it; which I sent to you by Dr. Elwood. In the summer I eat two dishes of toad-stools of my own

gathering, instead of mushrooms; and in the winter I have been sick with wine, as I am at this time, blessed be God for it, as I must bless God for all things. In the summer I spoke truth to damsels; in the winter I told lies to ladies: now you know where I have been, and what I have done. I shall tell you what I intend to do the ensuing summer; I propose to do the same thing I did last, which was to meet you in any part of England you would appoint; don't let me have two disappointments. I have longed to hear from you, and to that intent teased you with three or four letters, but having no answer, I feared both yours and my letters might have miscarried. I hope my performance will please the Dean, whom I often wish for, and to whom I would have often wrote; but for the same reasons I neglected writing to you. I hope I need not tell you how I love you, and how glad I shall be to hear from you; which next to seeing you, would be the greatest satisfaction to your most affectionate friend and humble servant,

J. G.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Mr. Archdeacon,

Though my proportion of this epistle should be but a sketch in miniature, yet I take up half this page, having paid my club with the good company

both for our dinner of chops, and for this paper. The poets will give you lively descriptions in their way: I shall only acquaint you with that which is directly my province. I have just set the last hand to a couplet, for so I may call two nymphs in one piece. They are Pope's favorites; and though few, you will guess must have cost me more pains than any nymphs can be worth. He is so unreasonable as to expect that I should have made them as beautiful upon canvass as he has done upon paper. If this same Mr. P—— should omit to write for the dear frogs, and the Pervigilium, I must entreat you not to let me languish for them, as I have done ever since they crossed the seas. Remember by what neglects, &c. we missed them when we lost you, and therefore I have not yet forgiven any of those triflers that let them escape and run those hazards. I am going on at the old rate, and want you and the Dean prodigiously, and am in hopes of making you a visit this summer, and of hearing from you both now you are together. Fortescue, I am sure, will be concerned that he is not in Cornhill, to set his hand to these presents, not only as a witness, but as a

Serviteur très-humble,

C. Jervas.

It is so great an honour to a poor Scotchman to be remembered at this time of day, especially by

an inhabitant of the *Glacialis Ierne*, that I take it very thankfully, and have with my good friends remembered you at our table, in the chophouse in Exchange Alley. There wanted nothing to complete our happiness but your company, and our dear friend the Dean's: I am sure the whole entertainment would have been to his relish. Gay has got so much money by walking the streets, that he is ready to set up his equipage: he is just going to the Bank to negotiate some exchange bills. Mr. Pope delays his second volume of his Homer till the martial spirit of the rebels is quite quelled, it being judged that the first part did some harm that way. Our love again and again to the dear Dean; fuimus Tories; I can say no more.

ARBUTHNOT.

WHEN a man is conscious that he does no good himself, the next thing is to cause others to do some. I may claim some merit this way, in hastening this testimonial from your friends above writing: their love to you indeed wants no spur, their ink wants no pen, their pen wants no hand, their hand wants no heart, and so forth (after the manner of Rabelais, which is betwixt some meaning and no meaning); and yet it may be said, when present thought and opportunity is wanting, their pens want ink, their hands want pens, their hearts want hands, &c. till time, place, and con-

veniency concur to set them a writing, as at present, a sociable meeting, a good dinner, warm fire, and an easy situation do, to the joint labour and pleasure of this epistle.

Wherein if I should say nothing I should say much (much being included in my love, though my love be such, that if I should say much, I should say nothing, it being (as Cowley says) equally possible either to conceal or to express it.

If I were to tell you the thing I wish above all things, it is to see you again; the next is, to see here your treatise of Zoilus, with the *Batrachomuomachia*, and the *Pervigilium Veneris*, both which poems are master-pieces in several kinds; and I question not the prose is as excellent in its sort, as the Essay on Homer. Nothing can be more glorious to that great author, than that the same hand which raised his best statue, and decked it with its old laurels, should also hang up the scare-crow of his miserable critic, and gibbet up the carcass of Zoilus, to the terror of the writings of posterity. More, and much more, upon this and a thousand other subjects will be the matter of my next letter, wherein I must open all the friend to you. At this time I must be content with telling you, I am, faithfully, your most affectionate and humble servant,

A. Pope.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir,

I MUST own I have long owed you a letter, but you must own you have owed me one a good deal longer. Besides I have but two people in the whole kingdom of Ireland to take care of, the Dean and you: but you have several who complain of your neglect in England. Mr. Gay complains, Mr. Harcourt complains, Mr. Jervas complains, Mr. Arbuthnot complains, my Lord complains; I complain. (Take notice of this figure of iteration, when you make your next sermon.) Some say, you are in deep discontent at the new turn of affairs; others, that you are so much in the Archbishop's good graces, that you will not correspond with any that have seen the last ministry. Some affirm, you have quarrelled with Pope (whose friends they observe daily fall from him, on account of his satirical and comical disposition); others, that you are insinuating yourself into the opinions of the ingenious Mr. What-do-ye-call-him. Some think you are preparing your sermons for the press, and others, that you will transform them into essays, and moral discourses. But the only excuse that I will allow you is, your attention to the life of *Zoilus*. The frogs already seem to croak for their transportation to England, and are sensible how much that Doctor is cursed and

hated, who introduced their species into your nation; therefore, as you dread the wrath of St. Patrick, send them hither, and rid your kingdom of those pernicious and loquacious animals.

I have at length received your poem out of Mr. Addison's hands, which shall be sent as soon as you order it, and in what manner you shall appoint. I shall, in the mean time, give Mr. Tooke a packet for you, consisting of divers merry pieces; Mr. Gay's new farce; Mr. Burnett's letter to Mr. Pope; Mr. Pope's Temple of Fame; Mr. Thomas Burnet's Grumbler on Mr. Gay; and the Bishop of Salisbury's Elegy, written either by Mr. Cary or some other hand. *Mr. Pope is reading a letter, and in the mean time I make use of the pen*, to testify my uneasiness in not hearing from you. I find success, even in the most trivial things, raises the indignation of a scribbler; for I, for my what-d'-ye-call-it, could neither escape the fury of Mr. Burnet or the German Doctor; then where will rage end, when Homer is to be translated? Let *Zoilus* hasten to your friend's assistance, and envious criticism shall be no more. I am in hopes that we order our affairs so, as to meet this summer at the Bath; for Mr. Pope and myself have thoughts of taking a trip thither. You shall preach, and we will write lampoons, for it is esteemed as great an honour to leave the Bath for fear of a broken head, as for a terræ filius of Oxford to be expelled. I have no

place at court, therefore, that I may not entirely be without one every where, show that I have a place in your remembrance.

Your most affectionate faithful servants,

A. Pope and J. Gay.

Homer will be published in three weeks.

DR. PARNELL TO MR. POPE.

I am writing to you a long letter, but all the tediousness I feel in it is, that it makes me during the time think more intently of my being far from you. I fancy, if I were with you, I could remove some of the uneasiness which you may have felt from the opposition of the world; and which you should be ashamed to feel, since it is but the testimony which one part of it gives you, that your merit is unquestionable. What would you have otherwise, from ignorance, envy, or those tempers which vie with you in your own way? I know this in mankind, that when our ambition is unable to attain its end, it is not only wearied, but exasperated too at the vanity of its labours; then we speak ill of happier studies, and sighing, condemn the excellence which we find above our reach.

My Zoilus, which you used to write about, I finished last spring, and left in town. I waited till I came up to send it you, but not arriving here

before your book was out, imagined it a lost piece of labour. If you will still have it, you need only write me word.

I have here seen the first book of Homer, which came out at a time when it could not but appear as a kind of setting up against you. My opinion is, that you *may*, if you please, give them thanks who writ it. Neither the numbers nor the spirit have an equal mastery with yours; but what surprises me more is, that, a scholar being concerned, there should happen to be some mistakes in the author's sense; such as putting the light of Pallas's eyes into the eyes of Achilles, making the taunt of Achilles to Agamemnon (that he should have spoils when Troy should be taken), to be a cool and serious proposal; the translating what you call *ablutions* by the word *offals*, and so leaving water out of the rite of lustration, &c. but you must have taken notice of all this before. I write not to inform you, but to show I always have you at heart.

I am, &c.

POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

My Lord, Oct. 21, 1721.

YOUR lordship may be surprised at the liberty I take in writing to you, though you will allow me always to remember, that you once permitted me

that honour, in conjunction with some others who better deserved it. I hope you will not wonder, I am still desirous to have you think me your grateful and faithful servant; but I own, I have an ambition still farther, to have others think me so, which is the occasion I give your lordship the trouble of this. Poor Parnelle, before he died, left me the charge of publishing the few remains of his. I have a strong desire to make them, their author and their publisher,[1] more considerable, by addressing and dedicating them all to you. There is a pleasure in bearing testimony to truth, and a vanity perhaps, which is at least as excusable as any vanity can be. I beg you, my lord, to allow me to gratify it in prefixing this paper of honest verses to the book. I send the book itself, which I dare say you'll receive more satisfaction in perusing, than you can from any thing written upon the subject of yourself. Therefore I am a good deal in doubt whether you will care for any such addition to it. All I shall say for it is, that it is the only dedication I ever writ, and shall be the only one, whether you accept of it or not, for I will not bow the knee to a less man than my Lord Oxford, and I expect to see no greater in my time. After all, if your lordship will tell my Lord Harley that I must not do this, you may depend upon a suppres-

[1] Lintot paid to Pope the sum of fifteen pounds for Parnell's Poems, 13th of December, 1721. See Nicholl's Liter. Anec. vol. viii. p. 300.

sion of these verses, (the only copy whereof I send you) but you never shall suppress that great, sincere, and entire respect with which I am always,

My Lord, your, &c.

THE EARL OF OXFORD TO MR. POPE.

Sir, Brampton Castle, Nov. 6, 1721.

I RECEIVED your packet, which could not but give me great pleasure, to see you preserve an old friend in your memory, for it must needs be very agreeable to be remembered by those we highly value. But then, how much shame did it cause me when I read your very fine verses enclosed? My mind reproached me how far short I came of what your great friendship, and delicate pen would partially describe me; you ask my consent to publish it; to what straits doth this reduce me? I look back indeed to those evenings I have usefully and pleasantly spent with Mr. Pope, *Dr. Parnell*, Dean Swift, the Doctor,[1] &c. I should be glad the world knew you admitted me to your friendship, and since your affection is too hard for your judgment, I am contented to let the world know how well Mr. Pope can write upon a barren subject. I return you an exact copy of the verses, that I may keep the original, as a testimony of the

[1] Arbuthnot.

only error you have been guilty of. I hope very speedily to embrace you in London, and to assure you of the particular esteem and friendship wherewith I am your, &c.

From these letters, says Goldsmith, we may conclude, as far as their testimony can go, that Parnell was an agreeable, a generous, and sincere man, indeed, he took care that his friends should always see him to the best advantage, for when he found his fits of spleen and uneasiness, which sometimes lasted for weeks together, returning, he retreated with all expedition to the remote parts of Ireland, and there made out a gloomy kind of satisfaction in giving hideous descriptions of the solitude to which he retired,—from many of his unpublished pieces which I have seen, and from others which have appeared, it would seem that scarce a bog in his neighbourhood was left without reproach, and scarce a mountain round his head unsung. "I can easily, (says Pope, in one of his letters,[1] in answer to a dreary description of Parnell's) I can easily image

[1] This fragment of a letter is not to be found in Pope's correspondence as published in Dr. Warton's edition. I should therefore suppose that Goldsmith possessed the MS. which has not been preserved. I may here remark, that Pope's correspondence is not published in Warton's edition with the correctness or completeness that could be desired. How far the late editors may have supplied his deficiences,

to my thoughts the solitary hours of your eremetical life in the mountains, from something parellel to it in my own retirement at Binfield!" and in another place "We are both miserably enough situated, God knows, but of the two evils, I think the solitudes of the south are to be preferred to the desarts of the west." In this manner Pope answered him in the tone of his own complaints, and these descriptions of the imagined distresses of his situation, served to give him a temporary relief; they threw off the blame from himself, and laid upon fortune and accident, a wretchedness of his own creating."[1]

Parnell's situation was rendered more irksome by some mortifications which he might have avoided; he could not live without company when in Ireland; and yet he despised or neglected a society so inferior in cultivation of mind and polish of manners to his English friends. Those whom he met at Lord Oxford's table, and Pope's library made him fastidious of humbler connexions; he did not exercise his arts of pleasing; the complaints he uttered against his situation were not relished by persons who lived contentedly around him; and who considered his reproaches as reminding them of an

I am not able to say, but a new and more perfect edition of Pope's works is much to be desired. Who so able to give one, as the Athenæus of the present age, the accomplished author of the Curiosities of literature, &c.

[1] Goldsmith's Life, p. xv.

inferiority which they were not willing to confess, nor perhaps able to appreciate; in fact, as his biographer observes, "he sacrificed for a week or two in England a whole year's happiness, by his country fireside at home." Yet who ever exchanged the fascinations of a society in which the polished graces and gentle benevolence of manner were united with refined learning, and the various acquirements of a cultivated taste, for a lower *grade* of life, without feeling how much easier it would be to pass at once into perfect solitude; and how sensitive in that delightful and artificial atmosphere the mind becomes to the slightest shock, or ruder breath that it meets with in its altered intercourse with the world.

As his fortune was handsome, and his disposition liberal, his manner of life was elegant and even splendid. He had no great value for money, and indeed he so far exceeded his income, as to leave his estate somewhat impaired at his death. As soon as he collected his rents, he went over to England, where the friendship of Pope[1] always received him with open arms; and where the wit and good humour of Gay and Arbuthnot, and the fascination of Bolingbroke's society, repaid him

[1] In addition to Lord Oxford;—Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Gay, and Jervas, were the persons to whom Parnell was more particularly attached; his general society I presume to have been much the same as Swift's, and what that was, may be seen in the Journal to Stella.

for his weary months of solitude at Clogher or Finglas.

About this time Pope and his friends had formed themselves into a society which they called the Scriblerus Club, of which Parnell was a member. It appears from some MS. anecdotes left by Pope, that Parnell had a principal share 'in the origin of the sciences from the monkies in Ethiopia.'[1] The life of Zoilus was intended as a satire on Dennis[2] and Theobald, with whom the club waged eternal war.

The life of Homer prefixed to the translation of the Iliad was written by Parnell, and corrected by Pope, who assures us, that this correction was not effected without great labour. "It is still stiff, (he says) and was written still stiffer; as it is, I verily think it cost me more pains in the correcting, than the writing it would have done." That Parnell's prose, as Goldsmith says, is awkward and inharmonious, and that Pope would have written in a style more elegant and polished, may be well believed; but I question whether Pope

[1] The origin of the sciences from the monkies of Ethiopia was written by me, Dean Parnell and Dr. Arbuthnot. *Spence's Anecdotes*, p. 201.

[2] Dennis's self-conceit, vanity, and envy, certainly deserved a heavy castigation: his preface to his Comical Gallants is a most extraordinary production of egotism and impudence; while the play itself is a mass of dulness and stupidity. The learning of Theobald might have shielded him from contempt.

with his imperfect learning would have ventured on an original life of Homer, and whether it was not safer to leave it in Parnell's hands. Every page of Pope's Homer shows equally his poetical genius, and his want of scholarship. I have no doubt that he set a high value on Parnell's assistance, and that it was of essential service to him in understanding his author; but no assistance of friends, learned enough and anxious to assist him, could supply his own deficiencies in classical taste and knowledge; Pope was never wanting in vigilance and industry; he consulted the commentators as to what was difficult or doubtful, and he borrowed from the former translators when they were happy and successful in their expression; but he never caught the manner, or imbibed the spirit of his original; for he had never studied the language in which it was written.[1] I consider Pope's

[1] The difficulties attending a translation of Homer exist, though in a graduated scale, in the attempts to reflect in our language the style and character of the other Grecian poets. These principally arise from the different structure, and great inferiority of our language, by which a translator is placed between two difficulties. He must either endeavour to raise his poetical language to the power of the original, and emulate through the dull and *horny* medium of the Gothic, the transparent and crystal beauty of the Greek, which will lead him, as it did Pope, to superfluous and perhaps cumbrous embellishment; or if he attempts, like Cowper, to give a *fac-simile* of his original, he will find his own inferior language unable to support him,—what was plain, with him will become flat, the simple will be naked and bald,

general alteration of Homer's style to be a much greater fault, than the mistakes which he made in the meaning of particular passages. If I may so express myself, he was attempting to follow and imitate the flight of the Grecian poet, without possessing the same variety of movement, or equal flexibility of wing. 'Perhaps the greatest charm, (says a critic[1] of much taste and knowledge) of the most sublime of all the ancient poets, is a *variety and discrimination of manner* and character in which Shakespeare is his only rival.' The friends of Pope were men of wit and humour, of admirable genius, and extensive information; but with the exception of Parnell and of Arbuthnot, he had no one to whom he could apply for information on subjects of Greek literature: and they were all so dazzled with the splendour of his trans-

and the venerable and *patriarchal* majesty of the Grecian bard will descend from its illustrious elevation, to sit on the steps of the throne which it had once dignified and adorned. Pope's Homer, like Dryden's translation of Virgil, is exceedingly valuable as an *English* poem; in them united, is to be found, every curious modulation of rhythm, and every beautiful variety of expression that our heroic metre admits. Pope somewhere mentions that injudicious friends, for ten years, persecuted him with the most importunate persuasion to give a new translation of Virgil. What accurate estimation of his own powers, and what respect for Dryden, was included in the silent and steady refusal.

[1] See Mr. Uvedale Price's essay on the Mod. Pronun. of the Anc. Languages, p. 186.

lation, and so delighted with its many acknowledged beauties; that they were more willing to expatiate on its merits, and unfold its charms, than compare it with an original which they themselves imperfectly understood. In addition to this, and speaking without any affectation of pedantry, a classical simplicity of taste was no more the characteristic excellence of that time, than solid and extensive learning. Amidst the general shout of approbation, old Bentley's sarcastic growl was heard with indifference or contempt; but Bentley was the only one among them who had studied or understood the subject of dispute; what he said was strictly true; it was not the effusion of envy or mean detraction: the bard of Twickenham was no rival of his; nor was Bentley ever unjust, where solid attainments or splendid talents could claim respect. He did not detract from the merits of Pope's translation as a poem; he did not enter into the subject of its original beauties; but he said it was not Homer, and he was right.

To return to Parnell, Goldsmith mentions that the Scriblerus[1] Club, when the members were all in

[1] The memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus rose from a happy thought, and were happily executed. They were the flower of that wit, and humour, and sagacity, of which the Dunciad was the strong and bitter root. In the editions of Pope, this part of his works does not seem to me to be faithfully edited. There is a chapter called "Annus Mirabilis," which should precede 'Stradling versus Styles,' that is omitted. The chapter called The Double

town, were seldom asunder, and often made excursions on foot, into the country. Swift was usually the butt of the company, and if a trick was played he was always the sufferer. The whole party once agreed to walk down to the house of Lord B——, who is still living, and whose seat is about twelve miles from town.[2] As every one agreed to make the best of his way, Swift, who was remarkable for walking, soon left all the rest behind him, fully resolved upon his arrival to choose the very best bed for himself, for that was his custom. In the mean time Parnell was determined to prevent his intentions, and taking horse arrived at Lord B——'s by another way, long before him. Having apprized his lordship of Swift's design, it was resolved at any rate to keep him out of the house, but how to effect this was the question. Swift never had the small-pox, and was very much afraid of catching it. As soon therefore as he appeared striding along at some distance from the house, one of his lordship's servants was dispatched

Mistress has been translated, altered, and enlarged, the humour destroyed, and much gross ribaldry and vulgar indecency introduced by Pigault Le Brun, in his Mélanges Littéraires et Critiques, vol. ii. p. 73--144, called Cause Célébre; he has *cantharadized* the story; Warton is not consistent in his omissions, if they were regulated by an attention to decency and propriety.

[2] By Lord B——, I presume, is meant Lord Bathurst. He had at that time a seat, or villa, somewhere beyond Twickenham, which he subsequently relinquished. v. *Pope's Lett. to Swift*, liv.

to inform him that the small-pox was then making great ravages in the family, but that there was a summer-house with a field bed at his service at the end of the garden. There the disappointed Dean was obliged to retire, and take a cold supper that was sent out to him, while the rest was feasting within. However, at last they took compassion on him, and upon his promising never to choose the best bed again, they permitted him to make one of the company.

Goldsmith considers that the Scriblerus[1] Club began with Parnell, and that his death ended the connexion; if so, it was not of very long continuance, for Parnell's first excursion to England began about the year 1706, and he died in 1718.

From his long residence in Ireland, and from little of his correspondence having been preserved, Parnell has not been known as he deserves, nor is his name so familiar to us as that of many others of the friends of Pope, but he seems to have yielded to few of them in talent or acquirement; to none

[1] I suppose it to be generally known, that the name "Martinus Scriblerus" took its rise from a joke of Lord Oxford's, who used to call Swift, *Dr. Martin*. The poem of the Dunciad was suggested to Pope by Swift. See Swift's Letters, vol. xii. p. 440. "The taste of England is infamously corrupted by shoals of wretches who write for their bread, and therefore I had reason to put Mr. Pope on writing the poem called the Dunciad; and to hale those scoundrels out of their obscurity, by telling their names at length," &c.

in the more valuable virtues of the heart. It is said, that the festivity of his conversation, the benevolence of his heart, and the generosity of his temper, were qualities that might serve to cement any society, and that could hardly be replaced when he was taken away. In his later years, domestic sorrows so preyed on a nervous and excited mind, as to drive him from solitude, and he sought even in common and promiscuous company a temporary oblivion of his affliction. That he fondly cherished the remembrance of the estimable partner of his life whom he so early lost, seems to be a fact known to his friends and acknowledged by his biographers; but that he fell a martyr to conjugal fidelity (as Goldsmith asserts), may be received with some moderate limitation. Our materials[1] are too scanty and imperfect to enable us to determine what was the exact cause of Parnell's death, which took place before his fortieth year; but from the passages in Swift's Journal, I should think it not improbable that he died of a slow nervous decline.

Perhaps it would be as well to insert, in this part of the narrative, the mention made of him by Swift while both were resident in London, and when the

[1] Johnson is reported to have said "Goldsmith's Life of Parnell is poor, not that it is poorly written, but that he had poor materials; for nobody can write the life of a man, but those who have eat and drank, and lived in social intercourse with him." *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, ii. p. 163.

latter zealously introduced him to the notice of the ministry. Parnell, however, gained nothing by his powerful connexions, but a few dinners and compliments from Lord Oxford, and some poetical criticisms from Mr. Secretary St. John; his preferment he owed entirely to the faithful and persevering friendship of the Dean.

Swift, in his Journal to Stella, July 1, 1712, writes—'On Sunday Archdeacon Parnell came here to see me. It seems he has been ill for grief of his wife's death, and has been two months at Bath. He has a mind to go to Dunkirk with Jack Hill, and I persuaded him to it, and have spoke to Hill to receive him, but I doubt he won't have spirit to go.'

On the 22d December, of the same year, he says—'I gave Lord Bolingbroke a poem of Parnell's. I made Parnell insert some compliments in it to his lordship. He is extremely pleased with it, and read some parts of it to-day to Lord Treasurer, who liked it as much. And indeed he outdoes all our poets here a bar's length. Lord Bolingbroke has ordered me to bring him to dinner on Christmas day, and I made Lord Treasurer promise to see him, and it may one day do Parnell a kindness. You know Parnell, I believe I have told you of that poem.'

Dec. 25. I carried Parnell to dine at Lord Bolingbroke's, and he behaved himself very well, and Lord Bolingbroke is mightily pleased with him.

Dec. 30. He (Lord Oxford) cannot dine with Parnell and me, at Lord Bolingbroke's to-morrow, but says he will see Parnell some other time. I praise up Parnell partly to spite the envious Irish folks here, particularly Tom Leigh.

Dec. 31. To-day Parnell and I dined with Lord Bolingbroke, to correct Parnell's poem. I made him shew all the places he disliked, and when Parnell has corrected it fully, he shall print it.

Jan. 6, 1713. Lord Bolingbroke, and Parnell, and I, dined by invitation with my friend[1] Dartineuf, whom you have heard me talk of. Lord Bolingbroke likes Parnell mightily, and it is pleasant to see that one who hardly passed for any thing in Ireland, makes his way here with a little friendly persuading.

Jan. 31. I contrived it so, that Lord Treasurer came to me and asked (I had Parnell by me) whether that was Dr. Parnell, and came up and spoke to him with great kindness, and invited him to his house. I value myself on making the Ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the Ministry. His poem is almost fully corrected, and *shall* be out soon.

Feb. 14. I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door, my heart misgave me.

Feb. 19. I was at court to-day, to speak to Lord Bolingbroke to look over Parnell's poem since it

[1] See Pope's Tra. of Hor. Lib. ii. S. 2. ver. 87.

is corrected, and Parnell and I dined with him, and he has shewn him three or four more places to alter a little. Lady Bolingbroke came down to us while we were at dinner, and Parnell stared at her as if she were a goddess. I thought she was like Parnell's wife, and he thought so too.

Parnell is much pleased with Lord Bolingbroke's favour to him, and I hope it may one day turn to to his advantage. His poem will be printed in a few days.

March 6. I thought to have made Parnell dine with him (Lord Treasurer) but he was ill; his head is out of order like mine, but more constant, poor boy.

March 9. I dined with my friend Lewis, and the Provost, and Parnell and Ford were with us.

March 20. Parnell's poem will be published on Monday, and to-morrow I design he shall present it to Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke, at court. The poor lad is almost always out of order with his head. Burke's wife is his sister. She has a little of the pert Irish way.

March 27. Parnell's poem is mightily esteemed, but poetry sells ill.

April 1. Parnell and I dined with Dartineuf to-day, after dinner we all went to Lord Bolingbroke's, who had desired me to dine with him, but I would not, because I heard it was to look over a dull poem of one Parson Trapp's, upon the peace.

April 21. I dined at an ale-house with Parnell

and Berkeley, for I am not in humour to go among the ministers.

Swift's Letters, vol. xi. p. 259.

April 30, 1713.

I suppose your Grace has heard that the Queen has made Dr. Stone Bishop of Dromore, and that I am to succeed him in his Deanery. Dr. Parnell, who is now in town, writ last post to your grace, to desire the favour of you that he may have my small prebend. He thinks it will be of some advantage to come into the chapter, where it may possibly be in my power to serve him in a way agreeable to him, although in no degree equal to his merits, by which he has distinguished himself so much, that he is in great esteem with the ministry, and others of the most valuable persons in this town. He has been many years under your grace's direction, and has a very good title to your favour, so that I believe it will be unnecessary to add how much I should be obliged to your grace's compliance in this matter: and I flatter myself that his being agreeable to me will be no disadvantage to him in your grace's opinion.

May 23, 1713. You will find a letter there (at Bath) as old as that, with a requisition in favour of Dr. Parnell, who, by his own merit, is in the esteem of the ministers here.

From Gay. June 8, 1714.

I am, this evening, to be at Mr. Lewis's with the Provost, Mr. Ford, *Parnell*, and Pope.

From Dr. Arbuthnot. June 12, 1714.

I remember the first part of the Dragon's[1] verses was complaining of ill usage, and at last he concludes,

He that comes not to rule, will be sure to obey,
When summoned by Arbuthnot, Pope, *Parnell*, and Gay.

Parnell has been thinking of going chaplain to my Lord Clarendon, but they will not say whether he should or not.

From Dr. Arbuthnot. June 26, 1714.

I have solicited both Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke strongly for the *Parnelian*, and gave them a memorial the other day. Lord Treasurer speaks mightily affectionately of him, which you know is an ill sign in ecclesiastical preferments.

From Lord Bolingbroke. July 13, 1714.

Indeed I wish I had been with you, with Pope, and Parnell, *quibus neque animi candidiores*, in a little time perhaps I may have leisure to be happy.

From Dr. Arbuthnot. July 17, 1714.

I was going to make an epigram upon the im-

[1] i. e. Lord Oxford's.

agination of your burning your own history with a burning glass. I wish Pope or Parnell would put it into rhyme.

From Charles Ford. July 20, 1714.

Pope and Parnell tell me you design them a visit. When do you go? If you are with them in the middle of the week, I should be glad to meet you there.

From Dr. Arbuthnot.

The *Parnelian* who was to have carried this letter, seems to have changed his mind by some sudden turn in his affairs; but I wish his hopes may not be the effect of some accidental thing working upon his spirits, rather than any well grounded project.

From Swift. December 2, 1736.

You began to distinguish so confounded early, that your acquaintance with *distinguished men* of all kinds was almost as ancient as mine, I mean Wycherley, Rowe, Prior, Congreve, Addison, *Parnell*, &c.

From Sir Charles Wogan to Swift. 1732.

Let not the English wits, and particularly my friend Mr. Pope (whom I had the honour to bring up to London from our retreat in the forest of Windsor, to dress à la mode, and introduce at Wills's Coffee House) run down a country as

the haunt of dulness, to whose geniuses he owns himself so much indebted. What encomiums does he not lay out upon Roscommon and Walsh in the close of his excellent Essay on Criticism? How gratefully does he express his thanks to Dr. Swift, Sir Samuel Garth, Mr. Congreve, and my *poor friend and neighbour Dr. Parnell*, in the preface to his admirable translation of the Iliad, in return for the many lights and lessons they administered to him, both in the opening and the prosecution of that great undertaking?

Pope to Gay. 1714.

Dr. Parnelle and I have been inseparable ever since you went. We are now at the Bath, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engaged), your coming would be the greatest pleasure to us in the world. Talk not of expenses. Homer shall support his children. I beg a line of you, directed to the Post House in Bath. Poor Parnelle is in an ill state of health.

From Pope to Gay (without date).

The ill effects of contention and squabbling, so lively described in the first Iliad, make Dr. Parnelle and myself continue in the most exemplary union in every thing. We deserve to be worshiped by all the poor, divided, factious, interested poets of this world. As we rise in our speculations daily, we are grown so grave, that we have not conde-

scended to laugh at any of the idle things about us this week. I have contracted a severity of aspect from deep meditation on high subjects, equal to the formidable front of black-brow'd Jupiter, and become an awful nod as well, when I assent to some grave and weighty proposition of the Doctor, or enforce a criticism of mine own. In a word, Young himself has not acquired more tragic majesty in his aspect by reading his own verses, than I by Homer's. In this state I cannot consent to your publication of that ludicrous, trifling, burlesque you write about. Dr. Parnelle joins also in my opinion, that it will by no means be well to print it.

From Pope to Gay.

Dr. Parnelle will honour Tonson's Miscellany with some very beautiful copies at my request. He enters heartily into our design. I only fear his stay in town may chance to be but short.

Pope to Jervas. 1716.

Poor poetry! the little that is left of it here, longs to cross the seas, and leave Eusden in full possession of the British laurel. And we begin to wish you had the singing of our poets as well as the croaking of our frogs to yourselves, in *sæcula sæculorum*. It would be well in exchange, if *Parnelle*, and two or three more of your swans would come hither, especially that swan, who like a true modern one, does not sing at all, Dr. Swift.

Pope to Jervas. November 1716.

The best amends you can make for saying nothing to me, is, by saying all the good you can of me, which is, that I heartily love and esteem the Dean and Dr. Parnelle. Gay is yours and theirs. His spirit is awakened very much in the cause of the Dean, which has broke forth in a courageous couplet or two upon Sir Richard Blackmore. He has printed it with his name to it, and bravely assigns no other reason than that the said Sir Richard has abused Dr. Swift. I have also suffered in the like cause, and shall suffer more, unless *Parnelle* sends me his Zoilus and Bookworm (which the Bishop of Clogher, I hear, greatly extols), &c.

Pope to Jervas.

Having named the latter piece (The Batrachom of Homer), give me leave to ask what has become of Dr. Parnelle and his Frogs? '*Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis,*' might be Horace's wish, but will never be mine, while I have such *meorums* as Dr. Parnelle and Dr. Swift. If you have begun to be historical, I recommend to your hand the story which every pious Irishman ought to begin with, that of St. Patrick; to the end you may be obliged (as Dr. Parnelle was when he translated the Batrachomuomachia) to come into Eng-

land to espy the frogs, and such other vermin, as were never seen in that land since the time of that confessor.'

Pope to * * *. 1718.

This awakens the memory of some of those who have made a part in all these. Poor Parnelle! Garth, Rowe! you justly reprove me for not speaking of the death of the last. *Parnelle* was too much in my mind, to whose memory I am erecting the best monument I can. *What he gave me to publish was but a small part of what he left behind him; but it was the best, and I will not make it worse by enlarging it.* I'd fain know if he be buried at Chester or Dublin, and what care has been, or is to be taken for his monument, &c.

From Dr. Arbuthnot. 1714.

Martin's (i.e. Martinus Scriblerus) office is now the second door on the left hand in Dove Street, where he will be glad to see *Dr. Parnelle*, Mr. Pope and his old friends, to whom he can still afford half a pint of claret.

Having now mentioned the facts which have come down to us, relating to Parnell's life, and which were chiefly obtained by the inquiries and researches of Goldsmith;[1] I shall pass on to a short consideration of his poems. His biographer, whose

[1] Goldsmith was indebted for his information to Sir John Parnell, the nephew of the poet, to Mr. and Mrs. Rogers his relations, and to his *good friend*, Mr. George Steevens.

opinion on subjects connected with poetry, must be received with the attention due to so great an authority, gives the following favourable character of Parnell's talents; it is written with discrimination and truth; but that the allusions which he makes in strong disparagement of those who adopted a different style, of more elaborate structure, and more ornamental language, appear to me to derive their severity from something that acts more strongly on the mind than a mere difference of taste. This is not the place to enter into the consideration of the question; but while I am persuaded that the expression 'tawdry things,' cannot with any propriety be applied to the poetry of Gray or Collins (the persons whom Goldsmith had in his mind); I believe that their rich and ornamented style, their selected phraseology, their profuse imagery, and metaphorical splendour to be the proper and essential constituents of the lyrical style in which they wrote; and that there are grounds sufficient, as respects either poet, to assure us, that they were not ignorant of the manner of expression that was required by the subject on which it was employed. The criticism of Goldsmith seems also to press too strongly into an opinion which cannot be received, that there is only *one* style of superior and undisputed excellence; and that others are faulty in proportion as they depart from it. I know of no poet of any eminence contemporary with him to whom the biographer can allude, but those I mentioned; except

that the younger Warton may, perhaps, be added to the number; and though I am aware of the difference that exists between these writers in the respective conceptions of their subjects, in their taste and genius; still in its application to any of them, I consider Goldsmith's criticism to be pushed far beyond the bounds of truth, and, in some parts of it, to be entirely erroneous.

'Parnell (he says) is only to be considered as a poet, and the universal esteem in which his poems are held, and the reiterated pleasure they give in the perusal, are a sufficient test of their merit. He appears to me to be the last of that great school, that had modelled itself on the ancients, and taught English poetry to resemble what the generality of mankind have allowed to excel. A studious and correct observer of antiquity, he set himself to consider nature with the lights it lent him, and he found the more aid he borrowed from the one, the more delightfully he resembled the other. To copy nature is a task the most bungling workman is able to execute: to select such parts as contribute to delight, is reserved only for those whom accident has blessed with uncommon talents, or such as have read the ancients with indefatigable industry. Parnell is ever happy in the selection of his images, and scrupulously careful in the choice of his subjects. His productions bear no resemblance to those tawdry things which it has for some time been the fashion to admire; in writ-

ing which, the poet sits down without any plan, and heaps up splendid images without any selection; when the reader grows dizzy with praise and admiration, and yet soon grows weary, he can scarcely tell why. Our poet on the contrary gives out his beauties with a more sparing hand. He is still carrying his reader forward, and just gives him refreshment sufficient to support him to his journey's end. At the end of his course, the reader regrets that his way has been so short, he wonders that it gave him so little trouble, and so resolves to go the journey over again.

His poetical language is not less correct than his couplets are pleasing. He found it at that period at which it was brought to its highest pitch of refinement, and ever since his time it has been gradually debasing. It is indeed amazing, after what has been done by Dryden, Addison, and Pope, to improve and harmonize our native tongue, that their successors should have taken so much pains to involve it in pristine barbarity. These misguided innovators have not been content with restoring antiquated words and phrases, but have indulged themselves in the most licentious transpositions and the harshest constructions, vainly imagining that the more their writings were unlike prose, the more they resemble poetry. They have adopted a language of their own, and call upon mankind for admiration. All those who do not understand them are silent, and those who make out their meaning, are willing to praise, to show they under-

stand. From these follies and affectations, the poems of Parnell are entirely free; he has considered the language of poetry as the language of life, and conveys the warmest thoughts in the simplest expression.' Such are the observations of Goldsmith; I shall now proceed to a more particular enumeration of our Poet's productions.

"Hesiod, or the Rise of Woman."[1]—It would be difficult to praise too highly the ease, the sprightliness, and the fine poetical taste of this poem; the subject is treated in a manner the most lively and agreeable; the versification is polished and musical; the images delicate and well selected; a vein of humour at once elegant and rich pervades the whole. It approaches more closely to the manner of Pope's Rape of the Lock than any poem with which I am acquainted. It has the same cadences, the same structure of lines, even the same expressions; and I consider it to have been much indebted to him for the high finish of its colours, and the exquisite beauties of its diction. This is not said in any disparagement of Parnell's powers, but I believe it to be acknowledged, that Pope took infinite pains in the revision and alteration of Parnell's poems. In speaking of the Hermit, Goldsmith says,[2]—"It seems to have cost great labour

[1] This Poem was first published in a Miscellany of Tonson's, which I do not happen to possess.

[2] See Goldsmith's Beauties of Eng. Poetry, l. p. 29, and Swift's Journal to Stella, Dec. 23, 25, 1712: Jan. 6, 1731, Feb. 19, 1712-3; where it appears that Swift gave Parnell hints and corrections for his poems.

both to Mr. Pope and Mr. Parnell himself to bring it to this perfection." Upon the whole, this poem will fully justify the assertion of Hume,[3] at least that part of it that regards our poet. "It is sufficient to run over Cowley once; but *Parnell*, after the fiftieth reading, is as fresh as the first."

Of the three songs which follow, Goldsmith says that two of them were written upon the Lady whom he afterwards married. There appears some reason to suppose that the first, "When thy beauty appears," was composed by Pope; for it is mentioned as his by Lord Peterborough, in a letter to Mrs. Howard.[4]

The Anacreontic, "When Spring came on with fresh delight," is said to be a translation from the French. Goldsmith thinks that it is better than the original. The well known song that follows it, "Gay Bacchus liking Estcourt's wine," is a translation of a poem by Augurellus.

> Invitat olim Bacchus cœnam suos,
> Comum, Jocum, Cupidinem, &c.

Parnell, in his translation, applied the characters to some of his friends; no mention is made in Pope's edition, of its being a translation: indeed the latter part is entirely Parnell's.

The "Fairy Tale" must rank among the most successful of our poet's productions; the language

[3] See Hume's Essay on Simplicity and Refinement.
[4] See Suffolk's Letters, vol. i. p. 161.

is simple and clear, the verse easy and natural, and the story appropriate to the style. Goldsmith says "it is incontestably one of the finest pieces in any language."

The "Pervigilium Veneris" is translated in easy and flowing versification, though too paraphrastical; yet few persons perhaps would have transferred its beauties more successfully; for the delicacy, and select brevity of its expression, would baffle any attempt to exactness of imitation. In one or two places, Parnell appears to me to have missed the meaning, as

> Quando faciam, ut Chelidon, ut tacere desinam?

When shall I sing, as the swallow is now singing? When will *my* spring arrive, 'quando ver veniet meum!' Parnell however writes thus,

> How long in coming is my lovely spring,
> And when shall I, and when the swallow sing?

In the Batrachomuomachia, Parnell has preserved the mock dignity of the original; without ever stepping beyond the limits of a just propriety. The great defect of his version arises from his not having translated the Greek names of the combatants, which are formed with considerable humour, and this omission renders the English poem comparatively flat.

I am not sure whether the critics have decided as to the time in which this burlesque poem was written; or how they have accounted for its having

borrowed the venerable name of the father of poetry; but I will just mention that there is one passage in it, which at once precludes it from being the production of the author of the Iliad and Odyssey, unless an interpolation by a later hand should be suspected.

> "Devoid of rest, with aching brows I lay,
> Till *cocks* proclaim'd the crimson dawn of day."

There is no mention of this bird in Homer; probably it was not known till the return of the army of Alexander, who brought the Indian Jungle fowl home with them from the East, and domesticated them in Europe.

The Epistle to Pope,[1] Goldsmith says, is one of the finest compliments that was ever paid to any poet, he hints at Parnell's description of his residence in Ireland being splenetic and untrue: and says that this poem gave much offence to his neighbours, who considered that they could supply him with learning and poetry, without an importation from Twickenham.

The translation of some lines in the Rape of the Lock into rhyming Latin verse, was owing to the following circumstance. Before the Rape of the Lock was finished,[2] Pope was reading it to Swift,

[1] Johnson says, "that the verses on Barrenness, in the poem to Pope, are borrowed from Secundus, but he could not find the passage.

[2] I rose from a late perusal of the Lutrin of Boileau,

who listened attentively, while Parnell went in and out of the room appearing to take no notice of it. However, by dint of his good memory, he brought away the description of the toilet pretty exactly. This he versified, and on the next day, when Pope was reading the poem to some friends, he insisted that part of the description was stolen from an old monkish manuscript. Goldsmith says he was assured of the truth of this account; he adds, that it was not till after some time that Pope was delivered from the confusion which it at first produced.

The Eclogue on Health has the general merit of Parnell's poetry; musical versification and poetical language: yet we occasionally meet with that which I suppose, it took Pope so much labour to improve, flat and prosaic expressions.

The Elegy to an "Old Beauty," has much of that sprightliness and graceful ease which Pope possessed, and which gave a lustre and worth to trifles. There is, however, a couplet in it, that seems to me to be defective, and wanting in con-

with a strong and pleasing conviction, not only of Pope's immeasurable superiority over the French poet, in poetical conception of his subject, in brilliant fancy, variety of character, elegance of allusion; but also in good sense, and truth, and adherence to nature; Boileau's ground-plot is mean, his sentiments strained, and his picture overcharged; he is struggling for an effect that his subject does not admit, nor his poetical powers enable him to supply.

struction, but I do not know how to rectify it, while the metre and rhyme are preserved,

> " But beauty gone, 'tis easier to be wise,
> As harpers better, by the loss of eyes."

though it might be restored to its meaning, under the following alteration,

> " As harpers better *play*, by loss of eyes."

The " Book Worm" is a translation from Beza, with modern applications.

In " The Imitation of some French verses," I am rather surprised that Pope's accuracy of ear, and correct taste, should permit such an imperfect rhyme to pass, as " bliss and wish," especially in those light pieces whose perfect finishing forms half their merit.

The " Night Piece on Death" Goldsmith much admires; and endeavours, yet apparently against his real conviction, to prefer to Gray's immortal Elegy. His praise is pared away by his caution, for he is

> " Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike ;"

and " he supposes that, with very little amendment, it might be made to surpass all those night pieces and churchyard scenes that have since appeared." Johnson's[1] love of truth, not his partiality for Gray,

[1] In the eighth chapter of the Vicar of Wakefield, Goldsmith considers Gay as having corrupted the purity of English poetry, and introducing a false taste by loading his lines with epithets. English poetry, he says, like that in the

forced him into the confession, that Gray's poem has the advantage in dignity, variety, and originality of sentiments.[1] In another of his books, Goldsmith mentions this poem of Parnell with similar praise, but considers the versification unsuitable to the subject.[2] There is, in truth, nothing which could entitle it to be raised into comparison with Gray's Elegy; but if Goldsmith had pointed out the inferiority of the third stanza in Gray's poem to the rest, and if he had even recommended its omission, I should have considered his criticism as formed

latter empire of Rome, is nothing at present but a combination of luxuriant images, without plot or connexion; a string of epithets that improve the sound, without carrying on the sense. As a model of simplicity, he then proposes his *Hermit*. Would Gray or Gay have written the following stanza?

> ' *Far* in a *wilderness* obscure,
> The *lonely* mansion lay,
> A refuge to the *neighbouring poor*,
> And strangers led astray."

Are there no epithets worse than useless here?

[1] There seems to be an oversight in not correcting the repetition of the word 'glad' in the concluding lines:

> " See the *glad* scene unfolding wide,
> Clap the *glad* wing and tower away,
> And mingle with the blaze of day."

[2] The great fault of the Night Piece on Death is, that it is in eight syllable lines, very improper for the solemnity of the subject. Otherwise the poem is natural, and the reflections just. In his Fairy Tale never was the old manner of speaking more happily applied, or a tale better told than this. *Goldsmith on English Poetry*, p. 418.

upon juster grounds, and at least worthy of respectful attention.

The hint for the Hymn to Contentment, Johnson suspects to be borrowed from Cleveland.[1] The Poem to which he alludes is that beginning,

> "Fair stranger! winged maid! where dost thou rest
> Thy snowy locks at noon! or on what breast
> Of spices slumber o'er the sullen night,
> Or waking whither dost thou take thy flight?"

it is impossible to say how ready Parnell's habits of poetical association may have been to receive new impressions, or how quickly they may have kindled at the smallest spark, furnished by another's genius; but I can perceive here no marks of imitation.[2] Cleveland's poem is not without its occasional beauties, but, as is common with that writer, they are strangely mixed up with unnatural conceits, harsh phrases, and low unpoetical allusions.

The poem by which Parnell is best known, and which indeed is one of the most popular in our language, is the Hermit. Pope speaking of it, says, "The poem is very good. The story was written originally in Spanish, whence probably Howell had translated it into prose, and inserted it in one of his letters." Goldsmith adds, that Henry More has the very same story, and that he has been informed by some, that it is of Arabian invention; I

[1] See Drake's Essays on the Spectator, vol. iii. p. 191.

[2] This poem of Parnell's, with his three songs, were inserted by Steele into his Poetical Miscellanies for Tonson, 1614.

have added, in a note,[1] the works of different authors, where, in my own very contracted line of reading, I have accidentally met with this fiction, and which shows it to have been more generally known, than Goldsmith or probably Parnell were aware.[2] Johnson thinks that there is more *elaboration* in the Hermit than in the other poems of Parnell, which renders it less airy and pleasing.

[1] 1. Herolt Sermones de Tempore et Sanctis, fol. Nuremb. 1496 (Serm. liii). 2. Gesta Romanorum, c. lxxx. 3. Sir Percy Herbert's Conceptions to his Son, 4to. 1652. 4. H. More's Divine Dialogues, p. 256, ed. 1743. 5. Howell's Letters, iv. 4. 6. Lutherana (Eng. Trans.) vol. ii. p. 127. 7. Voltaire's Zadig. vol. i. chap. xx. p. 125; and see Beloe's Anecdotes, vol. vi. p. 324; and Warton's Eng. Poetry, vol. i. p. cciv. cclxvi.; vol. iii. p. 41. See also Br. Mus. MS. Harl. 463. fol. 8. Epitres de Madam Antoinette Bourignon, Part: sec: Ep. xvii.

> Antonia who the *Hermit's* story fram'd,
> A tale to prose-men known, by verse-men fam'd.
> *W. Harte's Courtier and Prince.*

[2] In the first couplet of this poem, the word 'grew,' for 'liv'd,' is exceptionable, and there is an ambiguity of expression, in the lines

> "To find if *books*, or *swains*, report it right,
> (For yet by *swains alone* the world he knew,
> Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew);"

which might without much difficulty have been removed. The word 'alone' has no reference to books in the preceding line, but to 'swains,' as distinguished from all other persons; when I wrote the above, I was not aware of the difficulty having been noticed in Boswell's Johnson; see vol. iii. p. 418. At p. 126 of Pope's ed. of Parnell (The Flies, an Eclogue) "your *fenny* shade forsakes the vale," is a misprint for "ferny."

I hardly know whether this can be discovered, or if it is, whether it does not arise from the graver and more important subject of the narrative.[1]

"The compass of Parnell's poetry (says a critic of genius and taste) is not extensive, but its tone is peculiarly delightful; not from mere correctness of expression, to which some critics have stinted its praises, but from the graceful and reserved sensibility that accompanied his polished phraseology. The curiosa felicitas, the studied happiness of his diction does not spoil its simplicity. His poetry is like a flower that has been trained and planted by the skill of the gardener, but which preserves in its cultured state the natural fragrance of its wilder air."[2]

In the observations which have been made on the poetry of Parnell, I have confined myself to those productions which were first published by Pope, and subsequently reprinted by Goldsmith;[3]

[1] "This poem (the Hermit) is held in just esteem; the versification being chaste and *tolerably harmonious*, and the story told with perspicuity and conciseness." *Goldsmith's Beauties of Eng. Poetry*, vol. i. p. 29.

[2] See Campbell's Specimens of British Poetry, vol. iv. p. 409.

[3] Goldsmith added two poems to those in Pope's volume, viz. 'Piety or the Vision,' and 'Bacchus.' He says that they were first communicated to the public by the late ingenious Mr. James Arbuckle, and published in his Hibernicus's Letters, No. 62; but they were printed in the Posthumous Works of Parnell, 1758, p. 213. 277. Mr. Ni-

but in the year 1788, a large addition was made to our poet's works, in a volume called, "The Posthumous Works of Dr. T. Parnell, containing Poems Moral and Divine, and on various other subjects." They are described by the editor, as having been given by the author to the late Benjamin Everard, and since his death, found by his son among other manuscripts. The receipt annexed in Swift's handwriting, shows that they are certainly genuine.

Dec. 5, 1723.

I have received from Benjamin Everard, Esq. the above writings of the late Doctor Parnell, in four stitched volumes of manuscript, which I promise to restore to him on demand.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Although these volumes were communicated to him by Swift, Pope[1] with admirable taste and judgment contented himself with revising and po-

cholls collected some additional poems, which now appear among his works. v. Anderson's and Chalmer's Poets, &c.; and Goldsmith mentions some unpublished pieces which he saw, besides others which had appeared. *Life*, p. xv.

[1] Parnell has written several poems besides those published by Pope, and some of them have been made public with very little credit to his reputation. There are still *many more* that have not yet seen the light, in the possession of Sir John Parnell his nephew, who from that laudable zeal which he has for his uncle's reputation, will probably be slow in publishing what he may even suspect will do it injury. Life of Parnell, p. xxix. See also Nicholl's Select Poems, vol. iii. p. 208—236.

lishing the few pieces which Parnell had selected for publication. Spence says,[1] "In the list of papers ordered to be burnt, were the pieces for carrying on the Memoirs of Scriblerus, and *several copies of verses by Dean Parnell.* I interceded in vain for both. As to the *latter, he said, that they would not add any thing to the Dean's character.*" These might have been duplicates, or perhaps transcripts made by Pope from the manuscripts mentioned above. Johnson says, "of the large appendages which I find in the last edition, I can only say, that I know not whence they came, nor have ever inquired whither they are going. They stood upon the faith of the compilers." Of their authenticity, after what I have observed, no reasonable doubt can be entertained; but of the prudence of publishing what Pope, and indeed previously Parnell himself, had rejected from their acknowledged inferiority, an estimate can easily be formed; when we consider that probably no one has ever heard a passage or line quoted from the volume; or has deposited a single image or sentiment from it in his memory; while the former poems of Parnell are familiar to old and young, the delight of the general reader, and approved by the most refined judges of poetical merit. Few men have the power of arriving at excellence, but by assiduous toil, and after repeated failures. He who has attained the art of writing well, has pre-

[1] Spence's Anecdotes, p. 290.

viously written much that he would not willingly own; it is no disgrace to Parnell, to allow that these poems are the genuine production of his muse; they are not without some harmonious lines, and poetical passages; but there is nothing in them that can add a single leaf of laurel to his brow, who in his Hesiod, his Hermit, and his Fairy Tale, has given us poems that, in their kind, it would be very difficult to surpass in excellence. While some passages show marks of a mind habituated to poetical conceptions, while the ideas are well selected, and the expressions proper; others abound in flat prosaic lines, alike devoid of dignity of thought, or harmony of language. Sometimes there is considerable harshness in the phrase, and obscurity in the meaning, an inability of seizing the proper word, and a want of skill in the management of the metre. The general character of these poems is a mediocrity that is never sharpened into energy, nor exalted into excellence. They show no vigorous application of thought, boast no refined variety of metre, and exhibit no skilful combination of musical numbers. They are not enriched with metaphorical figures, strengthened by antient idioms, nor spangled with brilliant and curious expressions. Nor do they possess that select and simple elegance, that happiness of language, expressing its thought, without weakening or encumbering it, which he subsequently attained. They are such as a well educated person could write

without difficulty; and such as the authority of Horace has condemned without appeal.

It would be invidious any longer to dwell on the defects of poems for which the author is not answerable, as he did not publish them;[1] and it would be unwise to expect that the mere sweepings of the poet's study should be polished and elaborated

[1] P. 3.

I now perceive, I long to sing thy praise,
I now perceive, I long to find my lays.

The following lines are obscure, p. 4.

For this I call, that ancient Time appear,
And bring his rolls to serve in method here,
His rolls which acts, that endless honour claim,
Have rank'd in order for the voice of fame.

P. 18.

——— The visions seem to range,
They seem to flourish, and they seem to change.

P. 25.

As snow's fair feathers fleet to darken sight.

P. 28.

Majestic notion seems decreed to nod.

P. 59.

Why moves the chariot of my son so slow,
Or what affairs retard his coming so?

P. 69.

As painted prospects skip along the green,
From hills to mountains eminently seen.

P. 154.

The foreign agents reach the appointed place,
The Congress opens, and it will be peace.

These examples, hastily taken, are sufficient to prove the obscurity and the flatness of the lines; but from some expressions, I observe that the author had read Dryden with attention, though not with success. A volume of such verses would form no addition to Parnell's fame.

with the same care as his avowed and finished productions; it only remains to speak of the few works in prose, which he committed to the press. The Memoirs of Scriblerus have been already mentioned. His Life of Zoilus was written at the request of his friends, and designed as a satire upon Dennis and Theobald, the ever unfortunate foes of the Scriblerus Club.

The Life of Homer, notwithstanding the careful revision by Pope, and the subsequent correction of Warburton,[1] is written in a style inelegant, and sometimes incorrect. The reflections are not interesting from their appositeness, or striking from their novelty; the learning displayed is such as might easily be collected for the subject. Parnell has endeavoured to spin out his scanty materials to too great a length, and has enlarged with too much earnestness on facts doubtful or obscure. Assumptions are made to rest on very slender foundations, and inferences are drawn that it would be difficult to support. That Parnell was a better scholar than his brother-poets of his time, no one would be inclined to doubt; but it is equally clear,

[1] It is very unreasonable, after this, to give you a second trouble in *revising the Essay on Homer*, but I look upon you as one sworn to suffer no errors in me; and though the common way with a commentator be to erect them into beauties, the best office of a critic is to correct and amend them. There being a new edition coming out of Homer, I would willingly render it a little less defective, and the bookseller will not allow me time to do so myself.

Pope's Letter to Warburton, xx.

that he did not possess that extensive acquaintance with ancient literature; that he had not explored its intimate recesses, and that he was not master of that critical learning, without which, it could not be expected that the work which he undertook, would either delight us by the sagacity of its conclusions, or instruct us by the arrangement of its facts. The Homer of Parnell is an imaginary being, formed out of all the conjectures and contradiction of antiquity. Having composed his image of these broken fragments and relics, the biographer attempts to invest it with vitality and intelligence. Perhaps it would have been better to have contented himself with simply arranging the different narratives, or scattered anecdotes as they have come down to us. It is not very profitable to read an account of the conversations that might have taken place between Homer and Lycurgus, or to exhaust pages in conjectures on the character, manners, and pursuits of a person who may never have existed; or if he did, who probably bore but little resemblance to the portraits whose features have, from time to time, been put together from the conjectures of fanciful theorists, or the fragments of obsolete traditions. As it is, the plan of his life is defective; it is not instructive enough for a history, or entertaining enough for a romance.[1] The style in which it is written

[1] It must be remembered that at the time when Parnell wrote, little critical research had been employed on the

forms a strong contrast with that of Pope's preface, that precedes it. It is singular, that the use of 'shall' for 'will,'[1] that occurs repeatedly in it, should have been overlooked by Pope. Goldsmith says, the language is shamefully incorrect; though Swift, who set a very high value on correctness of style, appeared satisfied with it; for, in a letter to Pope, he says, "your notes are perfectly good, and so are your preface and Essays." There are a few papers by Parnell in the Spectator, called Visions, which do not require any particular notice; as a prose writer, there is a stiffness, a want of neatness and arrangement, and an inaccuracy in his style: his merits as a poet are thus summed up by Goldsmith in the following elegant epitaph, with which I shall conclude the Memoir.

> This tomb inscrib'd to gentle Parnell's name,
> May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
> What heart but feels his sweetly moral lay,
> That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way.

Homeric Poems, spurious pieces of biography, and interpolated passages passed without suspicion. The solid learning, and sagacity of Heynè, Wolff, P. Knight, and particularly of that unequalled scholar Hermann, have thrown much light on a subject so obscure from its antiquity; but the difficulties of the question are as yet only pointed out, and the modern Aristarchus is still to come.

[1] See Swift's Works, ed. Nichols, vol. xiv. p. 5, p. 136. "But these things shall lie by till you come to compare them, and alter rhyme and grammar, and triplets, and cacophonies of all kinds," &c. yet Swift uses *shall* for *will*.

Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid,
And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid;
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
The transitory breath of fame below.
More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
While converts thank their Poet in the skies.

*** There is a small oval portrait of Parnell, J. Basire fec. prefixed to the Dublin edition of his works, 4to. also Thomas Parnell, D.D. mez. T. H. Dixon, sc. See Granger's Biogr. History of England, vol. i. p. 259.

APPENDIX I.

NOTES TO THE DEDICATORY EPISTLE.

Page xv. Cyrene's shell.] Callimachus was born at Cyrene. Akenside, in his truly classical hymn to the Naiads, says,

———Hail! honored nymphs,
Thrice hail! for you the *Cyrenaic* shell
Behold I touch revering.—

Page xv. The wondrous bark.] Eratosth. (Asterism. p.13. ed. Ox.) says the Argo was the *first* ship ever built; but this is inconsistent with the account which the Greek poets and historians have related of the still earlier voyages of Cadmus and Danaus. v. Bryant's A. Mythol. ii. p. 493. The ancient writers, says Dr. Musgrave (v. Disc. on Greek Mythology, p. 86.), are not unanimous in representing the Argo as the *first* ship ever built. Diod. Sic. iv. p. 285. says it was the first of any *considerable size*. Plin. N. H. vii. 57. says it was the first *long* ship. Catullus says,

Illa rudem cursu *prima* imbuit Amphitriten,

though he mentions the fleet of Theseus, whom he makes older than the Argonauts, consult the note of Is. Vossius in his Edit. p. 262. and of Dresemius on Iscanus de Bello Troj. lib. i. 52. There is scarcely a single circumstance relating to the Argonautic expedition in which the ancient writers are agreed. They seem to have read out of a different *Pantheon*. With regard to the gifts of voice which the vessel had—Fatidicamque ratem—Dr. Musgrave thinks it to have been a juggle, and that one of the Argonauts was a *ventriloquist*. Εγγαστριμῦθος. Certain it is, that it did speak, and came of a speaking family; for it was made of the woods of Dodona. Orpheus (Arg. v. 707.) calls it λάλος τρόπις, a chattering ship; and Lycophron (v. 1326.) λάληθρον κίσσαν; V. Flacc. (viii. 130.) makes it walk up and pay its compliments to Jason on the success of the enterprise. Orpheus, in his Argonautic Poem, mentions *anchors* as belonging to the Argo (v. 495.) but these are not mentioned by Homer even in the time of the Trojan war.

Page xv. The Centaur band.] Concerning the distinction made between the Centaur and Hippocentaur, see the note on Mitford's Greece, vol. i. p. 28. 4to. Palæ-

phatus, cap. A. does not mention this. Chiron, whom the poets represent as a Hippo-Centaur, has the form of a man in an engraving of him in Gronov. Thes. Gr. Ant. l. y. y. y. y. from an ancient MS. of Dioscorides. Some, from a passage in Lucian, thought his feet only were like those of a horse. Centaurs were consecrated to Apollo, as may be seen in many medals, especially those of Gallienus. Pliny, N. H. vii. c. 3, asserts that he saw a centaur preserved in honey, brought from Egypt to Rome, for Claudius Cæsar. Some beautiful engravings of male and female centaurs may be seen in the Antiquities of Herculaneum.

Page xv. Loud conchs.] Though Homer does not mention the trumpet in the *heroic* ages, yet other authors have supposed the invention of it to have been as early, or earlier than the Trojan war. Virgil gives Misenus to Æneas as a trumpeter, v. Æn. vi. 164.

——quo non præstantior alter
Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu.

Lycophron (v. 991.) calls Minerva, "the Trumpet," as she invented it.

ἀλγυνοῦσα λάφριαν κόρην
Σαλπιγγα.

Euripides (v. Phœn. v. 1392.) mentions the trumpet as used at the siege of Thebes.

Ἐπὶ ὃ' ἀφείθη, πύρπος ὥς, τυρσενικῆς
Σαλπιγγος ἠχὴ, σῆμα φοίνου μάχης.

Where Prof. Porson says, "Sed Tyrrhenicam Tubam Heroicis temporibus usitatam fingunt Tragici; and he refers to Æsch. Eum. v. 570, Eurip. Rhes. 991, Soph. Aj. v. 17, to which references may be added Eurip. Heracl. v. 880, Troad. 1267. The use of conchs, or sea-shells, probably preceded that of the metallic trump. In the Iph. Taur. v. 303, Euripides gives this instrument to the shepherds:

Κοκλους τε φῦσων, συλλέγων τ' ἐγχωρίους.

See Theocr. Idyll. κβ. 75, Virg. Æn. xi. 171. Trumpets, however, were not very necessary, when the voices of men were so much more powerful than at present. Agamemnon (Il. θ. 220.) standing on the ships of Ulysses, called to Ajax and Achilles, whose tents formed the opposite boundary of the Grecian camp, and are supposed to have stretched from the Rhœtean to the Sigœan promontory, a distance of about twelve miles.

Page xvi, Heaven-built Troy.] Lycophron says (v. 620.) that Diomede had, after his death, a statue erected to him in Italy, on a column formed of stones, brought as ballast in his ship, which had formed part of the walls of Troy.

Page xvi. Beautiful Helen.] Euripides supposes that Helen never was at Troy, and ascribes the substitution of a phantom in her room, to Juno. Lycophron attributes it to Proteus, but he says that Paris was not deprived of his prize, for he enjoyed the love of Helen at Salamis. They both agree that the Trojan prince only brought a cloud, a visionary resemblance of the beautiful Spartan, to Troy.

Δίδωσι δ' οὐκ ἐμ' ἀλλ ὁμοίωσας Ἐμοὶ
Εἴδωλον ἔμπνουν Οὐρανοῦ ξυνθεὶς ὕπο. v. Helen, 33.

The anonymous author of the Ἀποσμ: Ἐπους περι Ελενης, also mentions this opinion, which the Scholiast thinks, refers to what Lycophron had said, v. ed. Morell. Paris, 1595, 12mo.

Οὐ δ' Ελένην φάσκουσι μετὰ Τρώεσσι παρέιναι.

And Lycophron, says the Scholiast, took his opinion from Stesichorus, who wrote,

Τρωεσσ' ὅι τοτ' ἴσαν Ἑλένης ἴδωλον ἔχοντες.

Const. Manasses (ed. Meurs. p. 390.) makes Proteus, when Paris landed in Egypt, take Helen away from him; and he returned to Troy empty-handed, or as the text has it, having touched Helen only with the tip of his finger.

Ὁ δέ κενᾶις ὑπέστρεφε χέρσι πρὸς τὴν πάτριδα
Τῆς ἡδονῆς γευσάμενος ἄκρῳ δακτύλῳ μόνῳ:

So also the Antehom. of Tzetzes, v. 148, p. 23, ed. Jacobs. Helen had five other husbands whom Lycophron enumerates. Achilles, however, who was one, wedded her in the Elysian fields.

Τῆς πενταλέκτρου θυάδος πλευρονίας.

Pausanias (lib. iii. c. 16.) says, that in the temple of Hilaira and Phœbe, an egg was suspended from the roof, bound with fillets, which was, they say, *the egg that Leda brought forth.* The lamentation of Hermione for the loss of her mother Helen, is the only poetical passage in the poem of Coluthus, which is little else than a cento of scraps from Homer, Q. Smyrnæus, and Musæus, v. 333, et seq. Gray, in the concluding lines of his Agrippina, says,

——— so Helen look'd,
So her *white neck* reclined, so was she borne
By the young Trojan to his gilded bark.

This is expressed with his usual knowledge and precision of language. See Const. Manas. ed. Meurs. vii. p. 390.

Δειρὴ μακρὰ, κατάλευκος, ὅθεν ἐμυθουργήθη,
Κυκνογενῆ τὴν εὐόπτον Ἑλένην χρηματίζειν.

and Antehom. of Tzetzes, ed. Jacobs. 115. For an account of a modern rape of a Grecian virgin from Mycenæ, conducted in the approved ancient manner, see Wheler's Travels in Greece, p. 63.

Page xvii. Her damask'd.] Malala, in his Chronicle, lib. v. p. 114. describes Helen as ἔυστολος, handsomely drest. Beautiful as she was, Philostratus says, that Hiera, the wife of Telephus, king of Mysia, was reckoned handsomer; Το σᾶυτον ἄυτην φήσι πλεονεκτεῖν τῆς Ελένης ὅσονκάκείνη τῶν Τροάδων. v. ed. Olearii, p. 691. and the author of Τῶν Τροικῶν, joins in this assertion, p. 679. J. Tzetzes, in his Antehom. follows them, v. 285.

Ἤ γὰρ και Ελενὴν ἀπεκάινυτο καλλει πόλλον.

Arintheus was the greatest *male* beauty whom history has recorded; he is celebrated even by St. Basil, who supposes that God had created him as an inimitable model of the human species. The painters and sculptors could not express his figure. The historians appeared fabulous when they related his exploits, v. Am. Marcell. Hist. xxvi. and the note of Valesius.

Page xvii. Then o'er the deep.] When Mr. Anson, Lord Anson's brother, was on his travels in the East, he hired a vessel to visit the isle of Tenedos; his pilot, an old Greek, as they were sailing along, said, with some satisfaction—There 'twas our fleet lay.—Mr. Anson demanded, What fleet? What fleet? replied the old man, a little piqued with the question, why *our* Grecian fleet to be sure, at the siege of Troy. See Harris's Philol. Enq. p. 320.

Page xvii. Breathing revenge.] After the death of Hector, says Constantine Manasses, p. 397, ed. Meursii, Priam sent to the Amazons to assist him, and when they were slain, he sent to David, king of Juda:

Εἰς τὸν Δαβὶδ τὸν ἄνακτα, τὴς Ἰουδαίας πέμπει
Παλάμην ἐξαιτούμενος συμμαχικὴν ἐκεῖθεν·

but David had battles of his own to fight. So Priam sent to

Tantares, or Pantares, king of the East Indies, who sent his General Memnon, and some *wild beasts* to help him. An anecdote is told of Priam, by Lydgate, which perhaps is not mentioned in older histories. See Life and Death of Hector, c. vii. p. 104.

> No favor, nor no love made him decline,
> Nor leave unto the greatest, or the least,
> His manner was *full soon in morn to dine*,
> And of all kings he was the worthiest.

Mr. Bryant in his Observ. on the Brit. Critic, p. 86, compares the extent of Priam's empire to *Glamorganshire*. See also Wood on Homer, p. 268, and Blackwell's Life of Homer, p. 286.

Page xvi. The battle bled.] Pausanias (lib. x. c. 25, &c.) gives a minute analysis of a very interesting picture by Polygnotus, representing the destruction of Troy, and the Greeks just preparing to sail to their native land. He observes that it differs considerably from the account of Homer. Among the figures, Hector is seen with both hands on his left knee, looking like a man weighed down with sorrow. Next to him, Memnon is sitting on a stone; and close to him, Sarpedon, leaning with his face on both his hands, but one of Memnon's hands is placed on the shoulder of Sarpedon. Penthesilea, with a bow in her hand, and a leopard's skin on her shoulder, is looking on Paris, and by her countenance seems to despise him. Menelaus is represented on board his ship preparing to depart from Troy; in the ship, boys and men are seen standing together; and the pilot Phrontes is distributing the oars. Nestor is painted with a hat on his head, and a spear in his hand; a horse rolling on the sand is seen near him. Palamedes and Thersites are represented playing at dice; the Oilean Ajax is looking at the play; his colour is that of a seafaring man, and his body is wet with the foam of the sea. In the second Excurs. to the Æn. iii. p. 426. Heyné has a Dissertation on the year or month in which Troy was taken. See also Dodwell de Cyclis, p. 803. 4to.

Page xx. Gentle companions.] Bees were called by the Greeks, *το ποίμνιον ἀποιμαντον*, the flock without a shepherd. Pausan. Ant. lib. i. c. xxxii. says, that the Halyonian bees were so gentle that they would go out foraging along with the men in the fields.

Page xxvi. Brutus' colours.] In the beginning of the last century the learned Camden was obliged to undermine

with respectful scepticism the *Romance of Brutus*, the Trojan; who is now buried in silent oblivion with Scota, the daughter of Pharaoh, and her numerous progeny, v. Gibbon's Rom. Hist. ii. p. 526. In Henry VIII.'s famous Manifesto against James IV. he insisted at great length on the superiority of the kings of England over the kingdom of Scotland, which he derived from his *illustrious predecessor, Brute, the Trojan*, v. Henry's Hist. of Eng. xi. p. 526. As Henry claimed kindred, he should have added his ancestor's name to his own. *Henry the Brute* would have well preserved the recollection of the illustrious lineage.

Poem, p. xxviii, Tables.] Sir William Forrest, chaplain to Queen Catherine, speaking of her when young, says,

> With stoole and needle she was not to seeke,
> And other practyseinges for ladyes meete
> To pastyme, at *Tables*, tick-tack, or gleeke,
> Cardys, dice—

See Andrews' Hist. of Gt. Brit. i. 419.

APPENDIX II.

ADDITIONAL NOTES TO THE LIFE OF PARNELL.

Life, p. 5, Mistress.] Elizabeth bestowed the primacy upon Dr. Mathew Parker, though she liked not his marriage, as she contrived once humorously to tell his consort. The queen had been hospitably entertained at his house; she had thanked him—"and now," she said, turning to the lady, "what shall I say to you? *Madam* I may not call you, and *Mistress* I am ashamed to call you, so I know not what to call you, but yet I do thank you."

'It must be observed, that though Mrs. Saunderson was very young when married to Betterton, she retained the appellation of Mistress. Mademoiselle or Miss, though introduced among people of fashion in England, about the latter end of Charles the Second's reign, was not familiar to the middle class of people till a much later time, nor in use among the players till toward the latter end of King William's reign. Miss Cross was the first of the stage Misses. She is particularly noticed in Joe Haines's Epilogue

to Farquhar's Love and a Bottle.—Miss was formerly understood to mean a woman of pleasure. So Dryden in his Epilogue to the Pilgrim, written in 1700:

'Misses there were, but modestly concealed.'
Davies's Dram. Misc. iii. p. 412.

Life, p 54, Anacreontic.]

'Gay Bacchus liking *Estcourt's* wine,' &c.

Dick Estcourt, the celebrated Comedian, about a year before his death, opened the Bumper Tavern in Covent-Garden. He was the companion of Addison, Steele, Parnell, and all the learned and choice spirits of the age, and was celebrated for ready wit, gay pleasantry, and a wonderful talent in mimickry. He acted Falstaff, Bayes, Serjeant Kite, in the Recruiting Officer, Pounce in the Tender Husband, the Spanish Friar. Downes called him 'Histrio natus.' Sir R. Steele has drawn an amiable picture of him in the Spectator, vol. vi. No. 468. Estcourt was a favourite of the great Duke of Marlborough, and providore of the Beef-steak Club. Secretary Craggs went with Estcourt to Sir G. Kneller, and told him that a gentleman in company would give such a representation of some great men his friends, as would surprise him. Estcourt mimicked Lord Somers, Lord Halifax, Godolphin and others, so very exactly, that Sir Godfrey was highly delighted, and laughed heartily at the joke. Craggs gave the wink, and Estcourt mimicked Kneller himself, who cried out immediately.—Nay! there you are out, man! by God, that is not me!

Life, p. 60, Hymn to Contentment.] My learned and excellent friend, Mr. Barker of Thetford, has kindly pointed out to me the following passage relating to Parnell's Hymn to Contentment:

"On the pursuit, and attainment of this heavenly tranquillity, the classical and pious reader will perhaps not be displeased to meet a beautiful Ode from the "Divina Psalmodia of Cardinal Bona," on which Parnell manifestly formed his exquisite Hymn to *Contentment*. The insertion will be more readily pardoned, as this imitation has escaped the notice of Dr. Johnson, and it is believed of all other critics and commentators."

"O Sincera parens beatitatis,
Cœli delicium, Deique proles,
Pax, terræ columen, decusque morum,
Pax cunctis potior ducum triumphis,
Quos mundi colis abditos recessus?

Hic te sollicito requirit æstro
Urbanos fugiens procul tumultus.
Hic inter scopulos, vagosque fluctus
Spumantis pelagi latere credit.
Hic deserta petit loca, et per antra
Te quærens, varias peragrat oras
Qua lucens oritur, caditque Titan.
Hic, ut te celer adsequatur, aurum
Congestum colit, atque dignitatum
Regalem sibi præparat decorem.
Hic demens juga scandit, et remotos
Perscrutatur agros; tamen supernæ
Hi pacis nequeant bonis potiri.
Cur sic ergo tuum, benigna, numen
Celans, implacidum relinquis orbem?
Pacem sic ego sciscitabar. Illa
Respondet.—Proprio imperare cordi
Si nosti, tibi cognitumque numen
Possessumque meum est; sinu receptam
Sic me perpetuo coles amore."

See Sermons on subjects chiefly practical, by J. Jebb, D. D. F. R. S. Bishop of Limerick, Ardfert, and Aghadoe. third ed. London, 1824, p. 94.

Ded. Ep. The orig. MS. after line 14, p. xix. ran thus:

Soft thoughts by day, and many a pensive dream
Beguiling night are mine; by wood, and stream
Lone wanderings, and when shadowy eve recalls
My vagrant footsteps to the household walls,
Trimm'd is the lamp anew,—and one day more
Of study, and of solitude is o'er.

ERRATUM.

Dedicatory Epistle, p. xiv. line 3, for "they" read "there."

THE POEMS OF PARNELL.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ROBERT, EARL OF OXFORD, AND EARL MORTIMER.

Such were the notes, thy once-lov'd poet sung,
'Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
O just beheld, and lost! admir'd, and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts, adorn'd!
Blest in each science, blest in every strain!
Dear to the Muse, to Harley dear—in vain!

For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For Swift and him, despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dexterous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays:
Who careless, now, of interest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And sure if ought below the seats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine:
A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,
Above all pain, all anger, and all pride,
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made;
The Muse attends thee to the silent shade:
'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Re-judge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
When Interest calls off all her sneaking train,
When all the oblig'd desert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now she shades thy evening walk with bays,
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise)
Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day,
Through fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
Nor fears to tell, that Mortimer is he.

A. Pope.

Sept. 25, 1721.

HESIOD; OR, THE RISE OF WOMAN.

HESIOD; OR, THE RISE OF WOMAN.

What ancient times, those times we fancy wise,
Have left on long record of woman's rise,
What morals teach it, and what fables hide,
What author wrote it, how that author died,
All these I sing. In Greece they fram'd the tale;
In Greece, 'twas thought a woman might be frail,
Ye modern beauties! where the poet drew
His softest pencil, think he dreamt of you;
And warn'd by him, ye wanton pens, beware
How heaven's concern'd to vindicate the fair.
The case was Hesiod's; he the fable writ;
Some think with meaning, some with idle wit:
Perhaps 'tis either, as the ladies please;
I wave the contest, and commence the lays.

In days of yore, no matter where or when,
'Twas ere the low creation swarm'd with men,
That one Prometheus, sprung of heavenly birth,
Our author's song can witness, liv'd on earth.
He carv'd the turf to mould a manly frame,
And stole from Jove his animating flame.
The sly contrivance o'er Olympus ran,
When thus the monarch of the stars began.

O vers'd in arts! whose daring thoughts aspire
To kindle clay with never-dying fire!
Enjoy thy glory past, that gift was thine;
The next thy creature meets, be fairly mine:
And such a gift, a vengeance so design'd,
As suits the counsel of a God to find;
A pleasing bosom-cheat, a specious ill,
Which felt they curse, yet covet still to feel.

He said, and Vulcan straight the sire commands,
To temper mortar with ethereal hands;
In such a shape to mould a rising fair,
As virgin-goddesses are proud to wear;
To make her eyes with diamond-water shine,
And form her organs for a voice divine.
'Twas thus the sire ordain'd; the power obeyed;
And work'd, and wonder'd at the work he made;
The fairest, softest, sweetest frame beneath,
Now made to seem, now more than seem, to breathe.

As Vulcan ends, the cheerful queen of charms
Clasp'd the new-panting creature in her arms;
From that embrace a fine complexion spread,
Where mingled whiteness glow'd with softer red.
Then in a kiss she breath'd her various arts,
Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts;
A mind for love, but still a changing mind;
The lisp affected, and the glance design'd;
The sweet confusing blush, the secret wink,

The gentle-swimming walk, the courteous sink,
The stare for strangeness fit, for scorn the frown,
For decent yielding looks declining down,
The practis'd languish, where well-feign'd desire
Would own its melting in a mutual fire;
Gay smiles to comfort; April showers to move;
And all the nature, all the art, of love.

Gold-sceptred Juno next exalts the fair;
Her touch endows her with imperious air,
Self-valuing fancy, highly-crested pride,
Strong sovereign will, and some desire to chide:
For which, an eloquence, that aims to vex,
With native tropes of anger, arms the sex.

Minerva, skilful goddess, train'd the maid
To twirl the spindle by the twisting thread,
To fix the loom, instruct the reeds to part,
Cross the long weft, and close the web with art,
A useful gift; but what profuse expense,
What world of fashions, took its rise from hence!

Young Hermes next, a close-contriving god,
Her brows encircled with his serpent rod:
Then plots and fair excuses fill'd her brain,
The views of breaking amorous vows for gain,
The price of favours, the designing arts
That aim at riches in contempt of hearts;
And for a comfort in a marriage life,
The little, pilfering temper of a wife.

Full on the fair his beams Apollo flung,
And fond persuasion tipp'd her easy tongue;
He gave her words, where oily flattery lays
The pleasing colours of the art of praise;
And wit, to scandal exquisitely prone,
Which frets another's spleen to cure its own.

Those sacred Virgins whom the bards revere,
Tun'd all her voice, and shed a sweetness there,
To make her sense with double charms abound,
Or make her lively nonsense please by sound.

To dress the maid, the decent Graces brought
A robe in all the dyes of beauty wrought,
And plac'd their boxes o'er a rich brocade
Where pictur'd loves on every cover play'd;
Then spread those implements that Vulcan's art
Had fram'd to merit Cytherea's heart;
The wire to curl, the close-indented comb
To call the locks, that lightly wander, home;
And chief, the mirror, where the ravish'd maid
Beholds and loves her own reflected shade.

Fair Flora lent her stores, the purpled Hours
Confin'd her tresses with a wreath of flowers;
Within the wreath arose a radiant crown;
A veil pellucid hung depending down;
Back roll'd her azure veil with serpent fold,
The purfled border deck'd the floor with gold.

Her robe (which closely by the girdle brac't
Reveal'd the beauties of a slender waist)
Flow'd to the feet; to copy Venus' air,
When Venus' statues have a robe to wear.

The new-sprung creature finish'd thus for harms,
Adjusts her habit, practises her charms,
With blushes glows, or shines with lively smiles,
Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles:
Then conscious of her worth, with easy pace
Glides by the glass, and turning views her face.

A finer flax than what they wrought before,
Through time's deep cave the sister Fates explore,
Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave,
And thus their toil prophetic songs deceive.

Flow from the rock, my flax! and swiftly flow,
Pursue thy thread; the spindle runs below.
A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
The creature woman, rises now to reign.
New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly;
New love begins, a love produc'd to die;
New parts distress the troubled scenes of life,
The fondling mistress, and the ruling wife.

Men, born to labour, all with pains provide;
Women have time, to sacrifice to pride:
They want the care of man, their want they know,

And dress to please with heart-alluring show,
The show prevailing, for the sway contend,
And make a servant where they meet a friend.

Thus in a thousand wax-erected forts
A loitering race the painful bee supports;
From sun to sun, from bank to bank he flies,
With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs;
Fly where he will, at home the race remain,
Prune the silk dress, and murmuring eat the gain.

Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,
Whose temper betters by the father's side;
Unlike the rest that double human care,
Fond to relieve, or resolute to share:
Happy the man whom thus his stars advance!
The curse is general, but the blessing chance.

Thus sung the Sisters, while the gods admire
Their beauteous creature, made for man in ire;
The young Pandora she, whom all contend
To make too perfect not to gain her end:
Then bid the winds that fly to breathe the spring,
Return to bear her on a gentle wing;
With wafting airs the winds obsequious blow,
And land the shining vengeance safe below.
A golden coffer in her hand she bore,
(The present treacherous, but the bearer more)
'Twas fraught with pangs; for Jove ordain'd above,
That gold should aid, and pangs attend on love.

Her gay descent the man perceiv'd afar,
Wondering he run to catch the falling star;
But so surpris'd, as none but he can tell,
Who lov'd so quickly, and who lov'd so well.
O'er all his veins the wandering passion burns,
He calls her nymph, and every nymph by turns.
Her form to lovely Venus he prefers,
Or swears that Venus' must be such as hers.
She, proud to rule, yet strangely fram'd to teize,
Neglects his offers while her airs she plays,
Shoots scornful glances from the bended frown,
In brisk disorder trips it up and down,
Then hums a careless tune to lay the storm,
And sits, and blushes, smiles, and yields, in form.

"Now take what Jove design'd," she softly cried,
"This box thy portion, and myself thy bride:"
Fir'd with the prospect of the double charms,
He snatch'd the box, and bride, with eager arms.

Unhappy man! to whom so bright she shone:
The fatal gift, her tempting self, unknown!
The winds were silent, all the waves asleep,
And heaven was trac'd upon the flattering deep;
But whilst he looks unmindful of a storm,
And thinks the water wears a stable form,
What dreadful din around his ears shall rise!
What frowns confuse his picture of the skies!

At first the creature man was fram'd alone,

Lord of himself, and all the world his own.
For him the Nymphs in green forsook the woods,
For him the Nymphs in blue forsook the floods;
In vain the Satyrs rage, the Tritons rave;
They bore him heroes in the secret cave.
No care destroy'd, no sick disorder prey'd,
No bending age his sprightly form decay'd,
No wars were known, no females heard to rage,
And poets tell us, 'twas a golden age.

When woman came, those ills the box confin'd
Burst furious out, and poison'd all the wind,
From point to point, from pole to pole they flew,
Spread as they went, and in the progress grew:
The Nymphs regretting left the mortal race,
And altering nature wore a sickly face;
New terms of folly rose, new states of care;
New plagues to suffer, and to please, the fair!
The days of whining, and of wild intrigues,
Commenc'd, or finish'd, with the breach of leagues;
The mean designs of well-dissembled love;
The sordid matches never join'd above;
Abroad, the labour, and at home the noise,
(Man's double sufferings for domestic joys);
The curse of jealousy; expense, and strife;
Divorce, the public brand of shameful life;
The rival's sword; the qualm that takes the fair;
Disdain for passion, passion in despair—
These, and a thousand, yet unnam'd, we find;
Ah fear the thousand, yet unnam'd, behind!

Thus on Parnassus tuneful Hesiod sung:
The mountain echoed, and the valley rung;
The sacred groves a fix'd attention show;
The crystal Helicon forbore to flow;
The sky grew bright; and (if his verse be true)
The Muses came to give the laurel too.
But what avail'd the verdant prize of wit,
If love swore vengeance for the tales he writ?
Ye fair offended, hear your friend relate
What heavy judgment prov'd the writer's fate,
Though when it happen'd, no relation clears,
'Tis thought in five, or five and twenty years.

Where, dark and silent, with a twisted shade
The neighb'ring woods a native arbour made,
There oft a tender pair for amorous play
Retiring, toy'd the ravish'd hours away;
A Locrian youth, the gentle Troilus he,
A fair Milesian, kind Evanthe she:
But swelling nature in a fatal hour
Betray'd the secrets of the conscious bower;
The dire disgrace her brothers count their own,
And track her steps, to make its author known.

It chanc'd one evening, ('twas the lover's day)
Conceal'd in brakes the jealous kindred lay;
When Hesiod wandering, mus'd along the plain,
And fix'd his seat where love had fix'd the scene:
A strong suspicion straight possess'd their mind,
(For poets ever were a gentle kind.)

But when Evanthe near the passage stood,
Flung back a doubtful look, and shot the wood,
" Now take," at once they cry, " thy due reward,"
And urg'd with erring rage, assault the bard.
His corpse the sea received. The dolphins bore
('Twas all the gods would do) the corpse to shore.

Methinks, I view the dead with pitying eyes,
And see the dreams of ancient wisdom rise;
I see the Muses round the body cry,
But hear a Cupid loudly laughing by;
He wheels his arrow with insulting hand,
And thus inscribes the moral on the sand.
" Here Hesiod lies: ye future bards, beware
How far your moral tales incense the fair:
Unlov'd, unloving, 'twas his fate to bleed;
Without his quiver Cupid caus'd the deed:
He judg'd this turn of malice justly due,
And Hesiod died for joys he never knew."

SONG.

When thy beauty appears,
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky;
At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art,
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes through every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants
in your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

There's a passion and pride
In our sex, she replied,
And thus (might I gratify both) I would do;
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you.

A SONG.

Thirsis, a young and amorous swain,
Saw two, the beauties of the plain,
Who both his heart subdue:
Gay Cælia's eyes were dazzling fair,

Sabina's easy shape and air
With softer magic drew.

He haunts the stream, he haunts the grove,
Lives in a fond romance of love,
And seems for each to die;
Till each a little spiteful grown,
Sabina Cælia's shape ran down,
And she Sabina's eye.

Their envy made the shepherd find
Those eyes, which love could only blind;
So set the lover free:
No more he haunts the grove or stream,
Or with a true-love knot and name
Engraves a wounded tree.

Ah Cælia! sly Sabina cried,
Though neither love, we're both denied;
Now to support the sex's pride,
Let either fix the dart.
Poor girl! says Cælia, say no more;
For should the swain but one adore,
That spite which broke his chains before,
Would break the other's heart.

SONG.

My days have been so wondrous free,
The little birds that fly
With careless ease from tree to tree,
Were but as bless'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their stream?
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent one sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught,
The tender chains of sweet desire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines!
Ye swains that haunt the grove!
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds!
Ye close retreats of love!

With all of nature, all of art,
Assist the dear design;
O teach a young, unpractis'd heart,
To make my Nancy mine!

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of despair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind
Is mix'd with soft distress;
Yet while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

ANACREONTIC.

When spring came on with fresh delight,
To cheer the soul, and charm the sight,
While easy breezes, softer rain,
And warmer suns salute the plain;
'Twas then, in yonder piny grove,
That Nature went to meet with Love.

Green was her robe, and green her wreath,
Where'er she trod, 'twas green beneath;
Where'er she turn'd, the pulses beat
With new recruits of genial heat;
And in her train the birds appear,
To match for all the coming year.

Rais'd on a bank where daisies grew,
And violets intermix'd a blue,
She finds the boy she went to find;
A thousand pleasures wait behind,
Aside, a thousand arrows lie,
But all unfeather'd wait to fly.

When they met, the dame and boy,
Dancing Graces, idle Joy,
Wanton Smiles, and airy Play,
Conspir'd to make the scene be gay;

Love pair'd the birds through all the grove,
And Nature bid them sing to Love,
Sitting, hopping, fluttering, sing,
And pay their tribute from the wing,
To fledge the shafts that idly lie,
And yet unfeather'd wait to fly.

'Tis thus, when spring renews the blood,
They meet in every trembling wood,
And thrice they make the plumes agree,
And every dart they mount with three,
And every dart can boast a kind,
Which suits each proper turn of mind.

From the towering eagle's plume
The generous hearts accept their doom:
Shot by the peacock's painted eye,
The vain and airy lovers die:
For careful dames and frugal men,
The shafts are speckled by the hen:
The pies and parrots deck the darts,
When prattling wins the panting hearts:
When from the voice the passions spring,
The warbling finch affords a wing:
Together, by the sparrow stung,
Down fall the wanton and the young:
And fledg'd by geese the weapons fly,
When others love they know not why.

All this, as late I chanced to rove,

I learn'd in yonder waving grove.
And see, says Love, who called me near,
How much I deal with Nature here,
How both support a proper part,
She gives the feather, I the dart.
Then cease for souls averse to sigh,
If Nature cross ye, so do I;
My weapon there unfeather'd flies,
And shakes and shuffles through the skies:
But if the mutual charms I find
By which she links you, mind to mind,
They wing my shafts, I poise the darts,
And strike from both, through both your hearts.

ANACREONTIC.

Gay Bacchus liking Estcourt's wine,
A noble meal bespoke us;
And for the guests that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus.

The god near Cupid drew his chair,
Near Comus, Jocus plac'd;
For wine makes Love forget its care,
And Mirth exalts a feast.

The more to please the sprightly god,
Each sweet engaging Grace
Put on some clothes to come abroad,
And took a waiter's place.

Then Cupid nam'd at every glass
A lady of the sky;
While Bacchus swore he'd drink the lass,
And had it bumper-high.

Fat Comus toss'd his brimmers o'er,
And always got the most;
Jocus took care to fill him more,
Whene'er he miss'd the toast.

They call'd, and drank at every touch;
He fill'd, and drank again;
And if the gods can take too much,
'Tis said, they did so then.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid stung,
By reckoning his deceits;
And Cupid mock'd his stammering tongue,
With all his staggering gaits:

And Jocus droll'd on Comus' ways,
And tales without a jest;
While Comus call'd his witty plays
But waggeries at best.

Such talk soon set them all at odds;
And, had I Homer's pen,
I'd sing ye, how they drank like gods,
And how they fought like men.

To part the fray, the Graces fly,
Who make 'em soon agree;
Nay, had the Furies selves been nigh,
They still were three to three.

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd Cupid up,
And gave him back his bow;
But kept some darts to stir the cup
Where sack and sugar flow.

Jocus took Comus' rosy crown,
And gaily wore the prize,
And thrice in mirth he push'd him down,
As thrice he strove to rise.

Then Cupid sought the myrtle grove,
Where Venus did recline;
And Venus close embracing Love,
They join'd to rail at wine.

And Comus loudly cursing wit,
Roll'd off to some retreat,
Where boon companions gravely sit
In fat unwieldy state.

Bacchus and Jocus, still behind,
For one fresh glass prepare;
They kiss, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be sincere.

But part in time, whoever hear
This our instructive song;
For though such friendships may be dear,
They can't continue long.

A FAIRY TALE,

IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STYLE.

In Britain's isle and Arthur's days,
When midnight faeries daunc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Though badly shap'd he been.

His mountain back mote well be said
To measure heighth against his head,
And lift itself above:
Yet spite of all that nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And, if a shape could win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion pac'd along
All in the moony light:

'Twas near an old enchaunted court,
Where sportive faeries made resort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas farr, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour-town;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
A trembling rocks the ground:
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once an hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
And now the sounds encrease;
And from the corner where he lay
He sees a train profusely gay
Come pranckling o'er the place.

But, trust me, gentles, never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a gallant drest
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awfull accent cried,
What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here presumed to hide?

At this the swain, whose venturous soul
No fears of magic art controul,
Advanc'd in open sight;
'Nor have I cause of dreed,' he said,
'Who view, by no presumption led,
Your revels of the night.

'Twas grief for scorn of faithful love,
Which made my steps unweeting rove
Amid the nightly dew.'
'Tis well, the gallant cries again,
We faeries never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.

Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
To make thee grief resign;
Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce;
Whilst I with Mab my partner daunce,
Be little Mable thine.

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light musick floats in wanton air;
The monarch leads the queen;

The rest their faerie partners found,
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made
As heart and lip desire;
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.

But now to please the faerie king,
Full every deal they laugh and sing,
And antick feats devise;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other-some transmute their shape
In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at last that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has hent him up aloof;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
To spraul unneath the roof.

From thence, 'Reverse my charm,' he cries,
'And let it fairly now suffice
The gambol has been shown.'
But Oberon answers with a smile,
Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
The vantage is thine own.

Here ended all the phantome play;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
Was never wight in sike a case
Through all the land before.

But soon as Dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the less;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Han rid him of the lump behind
Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a dauncing as he walks;
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
The youth of Edith erst approv'd,
To see the revel scene:

At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seiz'd the wall:
Up spring the tapers as before,
The faeries bragly foot the floor,
And musick fills the hall.

But certes sorely sunk with woe
Sir Topaz sees the elfin show,
His spirits in him die:
When Oberon cries, 'A man is near,
A mortall passion, cleeped fear,
Hangs flagging in the sky.'

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth!
In accents faultering ay for ruth
Intreats them pity graunt;
For als he been a mister wight
Betray'd by wandering in the night
To tread the circled haunt.

'Ah losell vile!' at once they roar,
'And little skill'd of faerie lore,
Thy cause to come we know:
Now has thy kestrell courage fell;
And faeries, since a lie you tell,
Are free to work thee woe.'

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The caitive upward flung;
There like a tortoise in a shop
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deffly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolick mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the starrs began to wink,
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
And down ydrops the knight:
For never spell by faerie laid
With strong enchantment bound a glade
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His seely back the bunch has got
Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurse ared;
She softly strok'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,

'Thus some are born, my son,' she cries,
'With base impediments to rise,
And some are born with none.

'But virtue can itself advance
To what the favourite fools of chance
By fortune seem'd design'd;
Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
And from itself shake off the weight
Upon th' unworthy mind.'

THE VIGIL OF VENUS.

WRITTEN IN THE TIME OF JULIUS CÆSAR, AND BY SOME ASCRIBED TO CATULLUS.

Let those love now, who never lov'd before ;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.
The spring, the new, the warbling spring appears,
The youthful season of reviving years ;
In spring the loves enkindle mutual heats,
The feather'd nation choose their tuneful mates,
The trees grow fruitful with descending rain
And drest in differing greens adorn the plain.
She comes ; to-morrow Beauty's empress roves
Through walks that winding run within the groves ;
She twines the shooting myrtle into bowers,
And ties their meeting tops with wreaths of flowers,

PERVIGILIUM VENERIS.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit ; quique amavit,
cras amet.
Ver novum, ver jam canorum : vere natus orbis est,
Vere concordant amores, vere nubent alites,
Et nemus comam resolvit de maritis imbribus.
Cras amorum copulatrix inter umbras arborum
Implicat gazas virentes de flagello myrteo.

Then rais'd sublimely on her easy throne,
From Nature's powerful dictates draws her own.
Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

'Twas on that day which saw the teeming flood
Swell round, impregnate with celestial blood;
Wandering in circles stood the finny crew,
The midst was left a void expanse of blue;
There parent Ocean work'd with heaving throes,
And dropping wet the fair Dione rose.
Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

She paints the purple year with varied show,
Tips the green gem, and makes the blossom glow;

Cras Dione dicit, jura fulta sublimi throno.
Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Tunc liquore de superno, spumeo ponti e globo,
Cærulas inter catervas, inter et bipedes equos,
Fecit undantem Dionen de maritis imbribus.
Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Ipsa gemmis purpurantem pingit annum floribus,
Ipsa surgentes papillas de Favoni spiritu

She makes the turgid buds receive the breeze,
Expand to leaves, and shade the naked trees:
When gathering damps the misty nights diffuse,
She sprinkles all the morn with balmy dews;
Bright trembling pearls depend at every spray,
And kept from falling, seem to fall away.
A glossy freshness hence the rose receives,
And blushes sweet through all her silken leaves;
(The drops descending through the silent night,
While stars serenely roll their golden light,)
Close till the morn, her humid veil she holds;
Then deck'd with virgin pomp the flower unfolds.
Soon will the morning blush: ye maids! prepare,
In rosy garlands bind your flowing hair:
'Tis Venus' plant: the blood fair Venus shed,
O'er the gay beauty pour'd immortal red;
From Love's soft kiss a sweet ambrosial smell
Was taught for ever on the leaves to dwell;

Urguet in toros tepentes, ipsa roris lucidi,
Noctis aura quem relinquit, spargit humentes aquas,
Et micant lacrymæ trementes decidivo pondere;
Gutta præceps orbe parvo sustinet casus suos;
In pudorem florulentæ prodiderunt purpuræ.
Humor ille, quem serenis astra rorant noctibus,
Mane virgines papillas solvit humenti peplo.
Ipsa jussit mane ut udæ virgines nubant rosæ,
Fusæ prius de cruore deque Amoris osculis,
Deque gemmis, deque flammis, deque solis purpuris.

From gems, from flames, from orient rays of light,
The richest lustre makes her purple bright;
And she to-morrow weds; the sporting gale
Unties her zone, she bursts the verdant veil;
Through all her sweets the rifling lover flies,
And as he breathes, her glowing fires arise.
Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

Now fair Dione to the myrtle grove
Sends the gay Nymphs, and sends her tender Love.
And shall they venture? Is it safe to go,
While Nymphs have hearts, and Cupid wears a bow?
Yes, safely venture, 'tis his mother's will;
He walks unarm'd and undesigning ill,
His torch extinct, his quiver useless hung,
His arrows idle, and his bow unstrung.

Cras ruborem qui latebat veste tectus ignea,
Unico marita nodo non pudebit solvere.
Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Ipsa nimfas diva luco jussit ire myrteo:
Et puer comes puellis. Nec tamen credi potest
Esse Amorem feriatum, si sagittas vexerit.
Ite Nimfæ: posuit arma, feriatus est amor:
Jussus est inermis ire, nudus ire jussus est:
Neu quid arcu, neu sagitta, neu quid igne læderet.

And yet, ye Nymphs, beware, his eyes have charms,
And Love that's naked, still is Love in arms.
Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

From Venus' bower to Delia's lodge repairs
A virgin train complete with modest airs:
"Chaste Delia, grant our suit! or shun the wood,
Nor stain this sacred lawn with savage blood.
Venus, O Delia! if she could persuade,
Would ask thy presence, might she ask a maid."
Here cheerful quires for three auspicious nights
With songs prolong the pleasurable rites:
Here crowds in measures lightly-decent rove,
Or seek by pairs the covert of the grove,
Where meeting greens for arbours arch above,
And mingling flowerets strew the scenes of love.

Sed tamen nimfæ cavete, quod Cupido pulcher est:
Totus est inermis idem, quando nudus est Amor.
Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Compari Venus pudore mittit ad te virgines:
Una res est quam rogamus: cede virgo Delia;
Ut nemus sit incruentum de ferinis stragibus.
Ipsa vellet ut venires, si deceret virginem:
Jam tribus choros videres feriatos noctibus,
Congreges inter catervas, ire per saltus tuos,

Here dancing Ceres shakes her golden sheaves:
Here Bacchus revels, deck'd with viny leaves:
Here wit's enchanting God in laurel crown'd
Wakes all the ravish'd Hours with silver sound.
Ye fields, ye forests, own Dione's reign,
And, Delia, huntress Delia, shun the plain.
Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

Gay with the bloom of all her opening year,
The Queen at Hybla bids her throne appear;
And there presides; and there the favourite band,
Her smiling Graces, share the great command.
Now, beauteous Hybla, dress thy flowery beds
With all the pride the lavish season sheds;
Now all thy colours, all thy fragrance yield,
And rival Enna's aromatic field.

Floreas inter coronas, myrteas inter casas.
Nec Ceres, nec Bacchus absunt, nec poetarum Deus;
Decinent, et tota nox est pervigila cantibus.
Regnet in silvis Dione: tu recede Delia.
Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique
amavit, cras amet.

Jussit Hyblæis tribunal stare diva floribus;
Præsens ipsa jura dicit, adsederunt Gratiæ.
Hybla totos funde flores, quidquid annus adtulit,
Hybla florum rumpe vestem, quantus Ænnæ campus est

To fill the presence of the gentle court
From every quarter rural Nymphs resort,
From woods, from mountains, from their humble vales,
From waters curling with the wanton gales.
Pleas'd with the joyful train, the laughing Queen
In circles seats them round the bank of green;
And "lovely girls," she whispers, "guard your hearts;
My boy, though stript of arms, abounds in arts."
Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

Let tender grass in shaded alleys spread,
Let early flowers erect their painted head.
To-morrow's glory be to-morrow seen,
That day old Ether wedded Earth in green.

Ruris hic erunt puellæ, vel puellæ montium,
Quæque silvas, quæque lucos, quæque montes incolunt.
Jussit omnis adsidere pueri mater alitis,
Jussit et nudo puellas nil Amori credere.
Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Et recentibus virentes ducat umbras floribus:
Cras erit qui primus æther copulavit nuptias
Ut pater roris crearet vernis annum nubibus,

The Vernal Father bid the spring appear,
In clouds he coupled to produce the year;
The sap descending o'er her bosom ran,
And all the various sorts of soul began.
By wheels unknown to sight, by secret veins
Distilling life, the fruitful goddess reigns,
Through all the lovely realms of native day,
Through all the circled land, the circling sea;
With fertile seed she fill'd the pervious earth,
And ever fix'd the mystic ways of birth.
Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

'Twas she the parent, to the Latian shore
Through various dangers Troy's remainder bore:

In sinum maritus imber fluxit almæ conjugis,
Ut fœtus immixtus omnis aleret magno corpore.
Ipsa venas atque mentem permeante spiritu
Intus occultis gubernat procreatrix viribus,
Perque cœlum, perque terras, perque pontum subditum,
Pervium sui tenorem seminali tramite
Imbuit, jussitque mundum nosse nascendi vias.
Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Ipsa Trojanos nepotes in Latino transtulit;
Ipsa Laurentem puellam conjugem nato dedit;

She won Lavinia for her warlike son,
And winning her, the Latian empire won.
She gave to Mars the maid, whose honour'd womb
Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome:
Decoy'd by shows the Sabine dames she led,
And taught our vigorous youth the means to wed.
Hence sprung the Romans, hence the race divine,
Through which great Cæsar draws his Julian line.
Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

In rural seats the soul of Pleasure reigns;
The life of Beauty fills the rural scenes;
E'en Love, if fame the truth of Love declare,
Drew first the breathings of a rural air.
Some pleasing meadow pregnant Beauty prest,
She laid her infant on its flowery breast;
From nature's sweets he sipp'd the fragrant dew,

Moxque Marti de sacello dat pudicam virginem;
Romuleas ipsa fecit cum Sabinis nuptias;
Unde Ramnes et Quirites, proque prole posterum
Romuli matrem crearet et nepotem Cæsarem.
Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Rura fœcundat voluptas: rura Venerem sentiunt.
Ipse Amor puer Dionæ rure natus dicitur.
Hunc ager, cum parturiret ipsa, suscepit sinu;

He smil'd, he kiss'd them, and by kissing grew.
Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

Now bulls o'er stalks of broom extend their sides,
Secure of favours from their lowing brides.
Now stately rams their fleecy consorts lead,
Who bleating follow through the wandering shade.
And now the Goddess bids the birds appear,
Raise all their music, and salute the year.
Then deep the swan begins, and deep the song
Runs o'er the water where he sails along;
While Philomela tunes a treble strain,
And from the poplar charms the listening plain.
We fancy love express'd at every note,

Ipsa florum delicatis educavit osculis.
Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Ecce, jam super genistas explicant tauri latus!
Quisque tuus quo tenetur conjugali fœdere.
Subter umbras cum maritis ecce balantum greges:
Et canoras non tacere diva jussit alites.
Jam loquaces ore rauco stagna cygni perstrepunt:
Adsonat Terei puella subter umbram populi;
Ut putas motus amoris ore dici musico,
Et neges queri sororem de marito barbaro.

It melts, it warbles, in her liquid throat:
Of barbarous Tereus she complains no more,
But sings for pleasure, as for grief before;
And still her graces rise, her airs extend,
And all is silence till the Siren end.

How long in coming is my lovely spring?
And when shall I, and when the swallow sing?
Sweet Philomela, cease; or here I sit,
And silent lose my rapturous hour of wit:
'Tis gone, the fit retires, the flames decay,
My tuneful Phœbus flies averse away.
His own Amycle thus, as stories run,
But once was silent, and that once undone.
Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

Illa cantat: nos tacemus. Quando ver venit meum?
Quando faciam ut celidon, ut tacere desinam?
Perdidi musam tacendo, nec me Phœbus respicit.
Sic Amyclas, cum tacerent, perdidit silentium.
Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

HOMER'S BATRACHOMUOMACHIA;

OR, THE

BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

NAMES OF THE MICE.

Psycarpax, *one who plunders granaries.*
Troxartes, *a bread-eater.*
Lychomyle, *a licker of meal.*
Pternotroctas, *a bacon-eater.*
Lychopinax, *a licker of dishes.*
Embasichytros, *a creeper into pots.*
Lychenor, *a name from licking.*
Troglodytes, *one who runs into holes.*
Artophagus, *who feeds on bread.*
Tyroglyphus, *a cheese-scooper.*
Pternoglyphus, *a bacon-scooper.*
Pternophagus, *a bacon-eater.*
Cnissodioctes, *one who follows the steam of kitchens.*
Sitophagus, *an eater of wheat.*
Meridarpax, *one who plunders his share.*

NAMES OF THE FROGS.

Physignathus, *one who swells his cheeks.*
Peleus, *a name from mud.*
Hydromeduse, *a ruler in the waters.*
Hypsiboas, *a loud bawler.*
Pelion, *from mud.*
Seutlæus, *called from the beets.*
Polyphonus, *a great babbler.*
Lymnocharis, *one who loves the lake.*
Crambophagus, *a cabbage-eater.*
Lymnisius, *called from the lake.*
Calaminthius, *from the herb.*
Hydrocharis, *who loves the water.*
Borborocates, *who lies in the mud.*
Prassophagus, *an eater of garlick.*
Pelusius, *from mud.*
Pelobates, *who walks in the dirt.*
Prassæus, *called from garlick.*
Craugasides, *from croaking.*

HOMER'S BATTLE OF THE FROGS, ETC.

BOOK I.

To fill my rising song with sacred fire,
Ye tuneful Nine, ye sweet celestial quire!
From Helicon's embowering height repair,
Attend my labours, and reward my prayer.
The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write,
The springs of contest, and the fields of fight;
How threatening mice advanc'd with warlike grace,
And wag'd dire combats with the croaking race.
Not louder tumults shook Olympus' towers,
When earth-born giants dar'd immortal powers.
These equal acts an equal glory claim,
And thus the Muse records the tale of fame.

Once on a time, fatigu'd and out of breath,
And just escap'd the stretching claws of death,
A gentle mouse, whom cats pursu'd in vain,
Fled swift of foot across the neighb'ring plain,
Hung o'er a brink, his eager thirst to cool,
And dipt his whiskers in the standing pool;
When near a courteous frog advanc'd his head,
And from the waters, hoarse-resounding, said,

What art thou, stranger? What the line you boast?
What chance has cast thee panting on our coast?
With strictest truth let all thy words agree,
Nor let me find a faithless mouse in thee.
If worthy friendship, proffer'd friendship take,
And entering view the pleasurable lake:
Range o'er my palace, in my bounty share,
And glad return from hospitable fare.
This silver realm extends beneath my sway,
And me, their monarch, all its frogs obey.
Great Physignathus I, from Peleus' race,
Begot in fair Hydromeduse' embrace,
Where by the nuptial bank that paints his side,
The swift Eridanus delights to glide.
Thee too, thy form, thy strength, and port proclaim
A sceptred king; a son of martial fame;
Then trace thy line, and aid my guessing eyes.
Thus ceas'd the frog, and thus the mouse replies.

Known to the gods, the men, the birds that fly
Through wild expanses of the midway sky,
My name resounds; and if unknown to thee,
The soul of great Psycarpax lives in me,
Of brave Troxartes' line, whose sleeky down
In love compress'd Lychomile the brown.
My mother she, and princess of the plains
Where'er her father Pternotroctes reigns:
Born where a cabin lifts its airy shed,
With figs, with nuts, with varied dainties fed.
But since our natures nought in common know

From what foundation can a friendship grow?
These curling waters o'er thy palace roll;
But man's high food supports my princely soul.
In vain the circled loaves attempt to lie
Conceal'd in flaskets from my curious eye;
In vain the tripe that boasts the whitest hue,
In vain the gilded bacon shuns my view;
In vain the cheeses, offspring of the pail,
Or honey'd cakes, which gods themselves regale.
And as in arts I shine, in arms I fight,
Mix'd with the bravest, and unknown to flight.
Though large to mine the human form appear,
Not man himself can smite my soul with fear:
Sly to the bed with silent steps I go,
Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,
And fix indented wounds with dext'rous skill;
Sleeping he feels and only seems to feel.
Yet have we foes which direful dangers cause,
Grim owls with talons arm'd, and cats with claws,
And that false trap, the den of silent fate,
Where death his ambush plants around the bait:
All dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest
The potent warriors of the tabby vest:
If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,
And rend our heroes of the nibbling race.
But me, nor stalks, nor watrish herbs delight,
Nor can the crimson radish charm my sight,
The lake-resounding frog's selected fare,
Which not a mouse of any taste can bear.

As thus the downy prince his mind express'd,
His answer thus the croaking king address'd.

Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove,
And, stranger, we can boast of bounteous Jove:
We sport in water, or we dance on land,
And born amphibious, food from both command.
But trust thyself where wonders ask thy view,
And safely tempt those seas, I'll bear thee through:
Ascend my shoulders, firmly keep thy seat,
And reach my marshy court, and feast in state.

He said, and bent his back; with nimble bound
Leaps the light mouse, and clasps his arms around;
Then wondering floats, and sees with glad survey
The winding banks resembling ports at sea.
But when aloft the curling water rides,
And wets with azure wave his downy sides,
His thoughts grow conscious of approaching woe,
His idle tears with vain repentance flow;
His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,
Thick beats his heart with unaccustom'd fears;
He sighs, and chill'd with danger, longs for shore:
His tail extended forms a fruitless oar,
Half drench'd in liquid death his prayers he spake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake.

So pass'd Europa through the rapid sea,
Trembling and fainting all the venturous way;

With oary feet the bull triumphant row'd,
And safe in Crete depos'd his lovely load.
Ah safe at last! may thus the frog support
My trembling limbs to reach his ample court.

As thus he sorrows, death ambiguous grows,
Lo! from the deep a water-hydra rose;
He rolls his sanguin'd eyes, his bosom heaves,
And darts with active rage along the waves.
Confus'd the monarch sees his hissing foe,
And dives, to shun the sable fates, below.
Forgetful frog! The friend thy shoulders bore,
Unskill'd in swimming, floats remote from shore.
He grasps with fruitless hands to find relief,
Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief;
Plunging he sinks, and struggling mounts again,
And sinks, and strives, but strives with fate in vain.
The weighty moisture clogs his hairy vest,
And thus the prince his dying rage express'd.

Nor thou, that fling'st me floundering from thy back,
As from hard rocks rebounds the shattering wrack,
Nor thou shalt 'scape thy due, perfidious king!
Pursu'd by vengeance on the swiftest wing:
At land thy strength could never equal mine,
At sea to conquer, and by craft, was thine.
But heaven has gods, and gods have searching eyes:
Ye mice, ye mice, my great avengers, rise!

This said, he sighing gasp'd, and gasping died.

His death the young Lychopinax espied,
As on the flowery brink he pass'd the day,
Bask'd in the beams, and loiter'd life away.
Loud shrieks the mouse, his shrieks the shores repeat;
The nibbling nation learn their hero's fate:
Grief, dismal grief ensues; deep murmurs sound,
And shriller fury fills the deafen'd ground.
From lodge to lodge the sacred heralds run,
To fix their council with the rising sun;
Where great Troxartes crown'd in glory reigns,
And winds his lengthening court beneath the plains:
Psycarpax' father, father now no more!
For poor Psycarpax lies remote from shore;
Supine he lies! the silent waters stand,
And no kind billow wafts the dead to land!

HOMER'S BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

BOOK II.

When rosy-finger'd morn had ting'd the clouds,
Around their monarch-mouse the nation crowds;
Slow rose the sovereign, heav'd his anxious breast,
And thus, the council fill'd with rage, address'd.

For lost Psycarpax much my soul endures,
'Tis mine the private grief, the public, yours.
Three warlike sons adorn'd my nuptial bed,
Three sons, alas! before their father dead!
Our eldest perish'd by the ravening cat,
As near my court the prince unheedful sat.
Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,
The portal gap'd, the bait was hung in view,
Dire arts assist the trap, the fates decoy,
And men unpitying kill'd my gallant boy.
The last, his country's hope, his parents' pride,
Plung'd in the lake by Physignathus, died.
Rouse all the war, my friends! avenge the deed,
And bleed that monarch, and his nation bleed.

His words in every breast inspir'd alarms,
And careful Mars supplied their host with arms.

In verdant hulls despoil'd of all their beans,
The buskin'd warriors stalk'd along the plains:
Quills aptly bound, their bracing corselet made,
Fac'd with the plunder of a cat they flay'd;
The lamp's round boss affords their ample shield;
Large shells of nuts their covering helmet yield;
And o'er the region with reflected rays,
Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze.
Dreadful in arms the marching mice appear;
The wondering frogs perceive the tumult near,
Forsake the waters, thickening form a ring,
And ask and hearken, whence the noises spring.
When near the crowd, disclos'd to public view,
The valiant chief Embasichytros drew:
The sacred herald's sceptre grac'd his hand,
And thus his words express'd his king's command.

Ye frogs! the mice, with vengeance fir'd, advance,
And deck'd in armour shake the shining lance:
Their hapless prince by Physignathus slain,
Extends incumbent on the watery plain.
Then arm your host, the doubtful battle try;
Lead forth those frogs that have the soul to die.

The chief retires, the crowd the challenge hear,
And proudly-swelling yet perplex'd appear:
Much they resent, yet much their monarch blame,
Who rising, spoke to clear his tainted fame.

O friends, I never forc'd the mouse to death,

Nor saw the gasping of his latest breath.
He, vain of youth, our art of swimming tried,
And venturous, in the lake the wanton died.
To vengeance now by false appearance led,
They point their anger at my guiltless head.
But wage the rising war by deep device,
And turn its fury on the crafty mice.
Your king directs the way; my thoughts elate
With hopes of conquest, form designs of fate.
Where high the banks their verdant surface heave,
And the steep sides confine the sleeping wave,
There, near the margin, clad in armour bright,
Sustain the first impetuous shocks of fight:
Then, where the dancing feather joins the crest,
Let each brave frog his obvious mouse arrest;
Each strongly grasping, headlong plunge a foe,
Till countless circles whirl the lake below;
Down sink the mice in yielding waters drown'd;
Loud flash the waters; and the shores resound:
The frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,
And raise their glorious trophies of the slain

He spake no more: his prudent scheme imparts
Redoubling ardour to the boldest hearts.
Green was the suit his arming heroes chose,
Around their legs the greaves of mallows close;
Green were the beets about their shoulders laid,
And green the colewort, which the target made;
Form'd of the varied shells the waters yield,
Their glossy helmets glisten'd o'er the field;

And tapering sea-reeds for the polish'd spear,
With upright order pierc'd the ambient air.
Thus dress'd for war, they take th' appointed height,
Poize the long arms, and urge the promis'd fight.

But now, where Jove's irradiate spires arise,
With stars surrounded in ethereal skies,
(A solemn council call'd) the brazen gates
Unbar; the gods assume their golden seats:
The sire superior leans, and points to show
What wondrous combats mortals wage below:
How strong, how large, the numerous heroes stride;
What length of lance they shake with warlike pride;
What eager fire, their rapid march reveals;
So the fierce Centaurs ravag'd o'er the dales;
And so confirm'd, the daring Titans rose,
Heap'd hills on hills, and bid the gods be foes.

This seen, the power his sacred visage rears,
He casts a pitying smile on worldly cares,
And asks what heavenly guardians take the list,
Or who the mice, or who the frogs assist?

Then thus to Pallas. If my daughter's mind
Have join'd the mice, why stays she still behind?
Drawn forth by savoury steams they wind their way,
And sure attendance round thine altar pay,
Where while the victims gratify their taste,
They sport to please the goddess of the feast.
Thus spake the ruler of the spacious skies;

But thus, resolv'd, the blue-ey'd maid replies.
In vain, my father! all their dangers plead;
To such, thy Pallas never grants her aid.
My flowery wreaths they petulantly spoil,
And rob my crystal lamps of feeding oil,
Ills following ills: but what afflicts me more,
My veil, that idle race profanely tore.
The web was curious, wrought with art divine;
Relentless wretches! all the work was mine;
Along the loom the purple warp I spread,
Cast the light shoot, and cross'd the silver thread.
In this their teeth a thousand breaches tear;
The thousand breaches skilful hands repair;
For which vile earthly duns thy daughter grieve:
The gods, that use no coin, have none to give;
And learning's goddess never less can owe:
Neglected learning gains no wealth below.
Nor let the frogs to win my succour sue,
Those clamorous fools have lost my favour too.
For late, when all the conflict ceas'd at night,
When my stretch'd sinews work'd with eager fight;
When spent with glorious toil, I left the field,
And sunk for slumber on my swelling shield;
Lo from the deep, repelling sweet repose,
With noisy croakings half the nation rose:
Devoid of rest, with aching brows I lay,
Till cocks proclaim'd the crimson dawn of day.
Let all, like me, from either host forbear,
Nor tempt the flying furies of the spear;
Let heavenly blood, or what for blood may flow,

Adorn the conquest of a meaner foe.
Some daring mouse may meet the wondrous odds,
Though gods oppose, and brave the wounded gods.
O'er gilded clouds reclin'd, the danger view,
And be the wars of mortals scenes for you.

So mov'd the blue-ey'd queen; her words persuade,
Great Jove assented, and the rest obey'd.

HOMER'S BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

BOOK III.

Now front to front the marching armies shine,
Halt ere they meet, and form the lengthening line:
The chiefs conspicuous seen and heard afar,
Give the loud signal to the rushing war;
Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd hornets sound,
The sounded charge remurmurs o'er the ground;
E'en Jove proclaims a field of horror nigh,
And rolls low thunder through the troubled sky.

First to the fight the large Hypsiboas flew,
And brave Lychenor with a javelin slew.
The luckless warrior fill'd with generous flame,
Stood foremost glittering in the post of fame;
When in his liver struck, the javelin hung;
The mouse fell thundering, and the target rung;
Prone to the ground he sinks his closing eye,
And soil'd in dust his lovely tresses lie.

A spear at Pelion Troglodytes cast,
The missive spear within the bosom past;
Death's sable shades the fainting frog surround,
And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound.

Embasichytros felt Seutlæus' dart
Transfix and quiver in his panting heart;
But great Artophagus aveng'd the slain,
And big Seutlæus tumbling loads the plain,
And Polyphonus dies, a frog renown'd
For boastful speech and turbulence of sound;
Deep through the belly pierc'd, supine he lay,
And breath'd his soul against the face of day.

The strong Lymnocharis, who view'd with ire
A victor triumph, and a friend expire;
With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,
And fiercely flung where Troglodytes fought;
A warrior vers'd in arts, of sure retreat,
But arts in vain elude impending fate;
Full on his sinewy neck the fragment fell,
And o'er his eyelids clouds eternal dwell.
Lychenor, second of the glorious name,
Striding advanc'd, and took no wandering aim;
Through all the frog the shining javelin flies,
And near the vanquish'd mouse the victor dies.

The dreadful stroke Crambophagus affrights,
Long bred to banquets, less inur'd to fights;
Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the steep,
And wildly floundering flashes up the deep:
Lychenor following with a downward blow,
Reach'd in the lake his unrecover'd foe;
Gasping he rolls, a purple stream of blood
Distains the surface of the silver flood;

Through the wide wound the rushing entrails throng,
And slow the breathless carcass floats along.

Lymnisius good Tyroglyphus assails,
Prince of the mice that haunt the flowery vales,
Lost to the milky fares and rural seat,
He came to perish on the bank of fate.

The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight,
Which tender Calaminthius shuns by flight,
Drops the green target, springing quits the foe,
Glides through the lake, and safely dives below.
But dire Pternophagus divides his way
Through breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day.
No nibbling prince excell'd in fierceness more,
His parents fed him on the savage boar;
But where his lance the field with blood imbru'd,
Swift as he mov'd, Hydrocharis pursu'd,
Till fallen in death he lies; a shattering stone
Sounds on the neck, and crushes all the bone;
His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,
And from his nostrils bursts the gushing brain.

Lychopinax with Borb'rocœtes fights,
A blameless frog whom humbler life delights;
The fatal javelin unrelenting flies,
And darkness seals the gentle croaker's eyes.

Incens'd Prassophagus, with sprightly bound,
Bears Cnissodioctes off the rising ground,

Then drags him o'er the lake depriv'd of breath,
And downward plunging, sinks his soul to death.
But now the great Psycarpax shines afar,
(Scarce he so great whose loss provok'd the war,)
Swift to revenge his fatal javelin fled,
And through the liver struck Pelusius dead;
His freckled corpse before the victor fell,
His soul indignant sought the shades of hell.

This saw Pelobates, and from the flood
Heav'd with both hands a monstrous mass of mud:
The cloud obscene o'er all the hero flies,
Dishonours his brown face, and blots his eyes.
Enrag'd, and wildly spluttering, from the shore
A stone immense of size the warrior bore,
A load for labouring earth, whose bulk to raise,
Asks ten degenerate mice of modern days:
Full on the leg arrives the crushing wound;
The frog supportless writhes upon the ground.

Thus flush'd, the victor wars with matchless force,
Till loud Craugasides arrests his course:
Hoarse-croaking threats precede; with fatal speed
Deep through the belly ran the pointed reed,
Then strongly tugg'd, return'd imbru'd with gore;
And on the pile his reeking entrails bore.

The lame Sitophagus, oppress'd with pain,
Creeps from the desperate dangers of the plain;
And where the ditches rising weeds supply

To spread their lowly shades beneath the sky,
There lurks the silent mouse reliev'd from heat,
And safe embower'd, avoids the chance of fate.

But here Troxartes, Physignathus there,
Whirl the dire furies of the pointed spear:
But where the foot around its ankle plies,
Troxartes wounds, and Physignathus flies,
Halts to the pool a safe retreat to find,
And trails a dangling length of leg behind.
The mouse still urges, still the frog retires,
And half in anguish of the flight expires.

Then pious ardour young Prassæus brings,
Betwixt the fortunes of contending kings:
Lank, harmless frog! with forces hardly grown,
He darts the reed in combats not his own,
Which faintly tinkling on Troxartes' shield,
Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field.

Now nobly towering o'er the rest appears
A gallant prince that far transcends his years,
Pride of his sire, and glory of his house,
And more a Mars in combat than a mouse;
His action bold, robust his ample frame,
And Meridarpax his resounding name.
The warrior singled from the fighting crowd,
Boasts the dire honours of his arms aloud;
Then strutting near the lake, with looks elate,
To all its nations threats approaching fate.

And such his strength, the silver lakes around
Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground;
But powerful Jove, who shows no less his grace
To frogs that perish, than to human race,
Felt soft compassion rising in his soul,
And shook his sacred head, that shook the pole.
Then thus to all the gazing powers began
The sire of gods, and frogs, and Mice, and man.

What seas of blood I view! what worlds of slain!
An Iliad rising from a day's campaign!
How fierce his javelin o'er the trembling lakes
The black-furr'd hero Meridarpax shakes!
Unless some favouring deity descend,
Soon will the frogs' loquacious empire end.
Let dreadful Pallas wing'd with pity fly,
And make her ægis blaze before his eye:
While Mars refulgent on his rattling car,
Arrests his raging rival of the war.

He ceas'd, reclining with attentive head,
When thus the glorious god of combats said.
Nor Pallas, Jove! though Pallas take the field,
With all the terrors of her hissing shield,
Nor Mars himself, though Mars in armour bright
Ascend his car, and wheel amidst the fight;
Not these can drive the desperate mouse afar,
Or change the fortunes of the bleeding war.
Let all go forth, all heaven in arms arise;
Or launch thy own red thunder from the skies;

Such ardent bolts as flew that wondrous day,
When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains lay,
When all the giant race enormous fell,
And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to hell."

'Twas thus th' armipotent advis'd the gods,
When from his throne the cloud-compeller nods;
Deep lengthening thunders run from pole to pole,
Olympus trembles as the thunders roll.
Then swift he whirls the brandish'd bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the distant ground;
The bolt discharg'd inwrapp'd with lightning flies,
And rends its flaming passage through the skies:
Then earth's inhabitants, the nibblers, shake,
And frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake.
Yet still the mice advance their dread design,
And the last danger threats the croaking line,
Till Jove, that inly mourn'd the loss they bore,
With strange assistants fill'd the frighted shore.

Pour'd from the neighb'ring strand, deform'd to view,
They march, a sudden unexpected crew!
Strong suits of armour round their bodies close,
Which, like thick anvils, blunt the force of blows;
In wheeling marches turn'd, oblique they go;
With harpy claws their limbs divide below;
Fell sheers the passage to their mouth command;
From out the flesh their bones by nature stand;
Broad spread their backs, their shining shoulders rise;

Unnumber'd joints distort their lengthen'd thighs;
With nervous cords their hands are firmly brac'd;
Their round black eyeballs in their bosom plac'd;
On eight long feet the wondrous warriors tread;
And either end alike supplies a head.
These, mortal wits to call the crabs agree,
The gods have other names for things than we.

Now where the jointures from their loins depend,
The heroes' tails with severing grasps they rend.
Here, short of feet, depriv'd the power to fly,
There, without hands, upon the field they lie.
Wrench'd from their holds, and scatter'd all around,
The bended lances heap the cumber'd ground.
Helpless amazement, fear pursuing fear,
And mad confusion through their host appear:
O'er the wild waste with headlong flight they go,
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below.

But down Olympus to the western seas
Far-shooting Phœbus drove with fainter rays;
And a whole war (so Jove ordain'd) begun,
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving sun.

TO MR. POPE.

To praise, yet still with due respect to praise,
A bard triumphant in immortal bays,
The learn'd to show, the sensible commend,
Yet still preserve the province of the friend,
What life, what vigour, must the lines require!
What music tune them! what affection fire!

O might thy genius in my bosom shine!
Thou shouldst not fail of numbers worthy thine,
The brightest ancients might at once agree
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee.

Horace himself would own thou dost excel
In candid arts to play the critic well.

Ovid himself might wish to sing the dame
Whom Windsor forest sees a gliding stream;
On silver feet, with annual osier crown'd,
She runs for ever through poetic ground.

How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,
Made by thy Muse the envy of the fair!
Less shone the tresses Egypt's princess wore,
Which sweet Callimachus so sung before.
Here courtly trifles set the world at odds,

Belles war with beaux, and whims descend for gods.
The new machines in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave phrenzy of the chymic fool:
But know, ye fair, a point conceal'd with art,
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a woman's heart:
The Graces stand in sight; a Satyr train
Peep o'er their heads, and laugh behind the scene.

In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldest wits
Inshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits,
And sits in measures, such as Virgil's Muse
To place thee near him might be fond to choose.
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he,
While some old Damon o'er the vulgar wise,
Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the prize!
Rapt with the thought my fancy seeks the plains,
And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.
Indulgent nurse of every tender gale,
Parent of flowerets, old Arcadia, hail!
Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head;
Still slide thy waters soft among the trees,
Thy aspins quiver in a breathing breeze;
Smile all thy valleys in eternal spring,
Be hush'd, ye winds! while Pope and Virgil sing.

In English lays, and all sublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat;
He shines in council, thunders in the fight,

And flames with every sense of great delight.
Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;
In all the majesty of Greek retir'd,
Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd;
His language failing, wrapp'd him round with night,
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
So wealthy mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden ore,
When chok'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
And shepherds only say, the mines were here!
Should some rich youth, if nature warm his heart,
And all his projects stand inform'd with art,
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious are thy new designs!
How every music varies in thy lines!
Still as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
And rise in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
When Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease,
Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest,
And Philomela, sweetest o'er the rest:
The shades resound with song—O softly tread!
While a whole season warbles round my head.

This to my friend—and when a friend inspires,
My silent harp its master's hand requires,
Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound,

For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground;
Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
From wit, from learning,—far, O far from thee!
Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf,
Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf;
Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
Rocks at their side, and torrents at their feet;
Or lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood,
Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.

Yet here content can dwell, and learned ease,
A friend delight me, and an author please;
Even here I sing, while Pope supplies the theme,
Show my own love, though not increase his fame.

A TRANSLATION OF PART OF THE FIRST CANTO OF THE RAPE OF THE LOCK,

INTO LEONINE VERSE, AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ANCIENT MONKS.

Et nunc dilectum speculum, pro more retectum,
Emicat in mensâ, quæ splendet pyxide densâ.
Tum primum lymphâ se purgat candida nympha;
Jamque sine mendâ, cœlestis imago videnda,
Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet, ocellos.
Hâc stupet explorans, seu cultûs numen adorans.
Inferior claram Pythonissa apparet ad aram,
Fertque tibi cautè, dicatque superbia! lautè,

PART OF THE FIRST CANTO OF THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

And now unveil'd the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears:
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.

Dona venusta; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
Pyxide devotâ, se pandit hic India tota,
Et tota ex istâ transpirat Arabia cistâ.
Testudo hic flectit, dum se mea Lesbia pectit;
Atque elephas lentè te pectit, Lesbia, dente;
Hunc maculis nôris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
Hic jacet et mundè mundus muliebris abundè;
Spinula resplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
Pulvis suavis odore, et epistola suavis amore.
Induit arma ergo Veneris pulcherrima virgo,
Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore crescens;
Jam reparat risus, jam surgit gratia visûs,
Jam promit cultu miracula latentia vultu;

Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms,
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,

Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua purpura gliscet,
Et geminans bellis splendet magè fulgor ocellis.
Stant Lemures muti, nymphæ intentique saluti,
Hic figit zonam, capiti locat ille coronam,
Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam;
Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidissima Letty!
Gloria factorum temerè conceditur horum.

And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care;
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown,
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

HEALTH; AN ECLOGUE.

Now early shepherds o'er the meadow pass,
And print long footsteps in the glittering grass;
The cows neglectful of their pasture stand,
By turns obsequious to the milker's hand.

When Damon softly trod the shaven lawn,
Damon, a youth from city cares withdrawn;
Long was the pleasing walk he wander'd through,
A cover'd arbour clos'd the distant view;
There rests the youth, and, while the feather'd throng
Raise their wild music, thus contrives a song.

Here, wafted o'er by mild Etesian air,
Thou country goddess, beauteous Health, repair!
Here let my breast through quivering trees inhale
Thy rosy blessings with the morning gale.
What are the fields, or flowers, or all I see?
Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.

Joy to my soul! I feel the Goddess nigh,
The face of nature cheers as well as I;
O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,
The smiling daisies blow beneath the sun,
The brooks run purling down with silver waves,

The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,
The chirping birds from all the compass rove
To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove:
High sunny summits, deeply shaded dales,
Thick mossy banks, and flowery winding vales,
With various prospect gratify the sight,
And scatter fix'd attention in delight.

Come, country Goddess, come! nor thou suffice,
But bring thy mountain-sister, Exercise.
Call'd by thy lively voice, she turns her pace,
Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chace;
She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain,
Dogs, hawks, and horses, crowd her early train;
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
And lines and meshes loosely float behind.
All these as means of toil the feeble see,
But these are helps to pleasure join'd with thee.

Let Sloth lie softening till high noon in down,
Or lolling fan her in the sultry town,
Unnerv'd with rest; and turn her own disease,
Or foster others in luxurious ease:
I mount the courser, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds;
I lead where stags through tangled thickets tread,
And shake the saplings with their branching head;
I make the falcons wing their airy way,
And soar to seize, or stooping strike their prey;
To snare the fish I fix the luring bait;

To wound the fowl I load the gun with fate.
'Tis thus through change of exercise I range,
And strength and pleasure rise from every change.
Here, beauteous Health, for all the year remain;
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

O come, thou Goddess of my rural song,
And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along!
Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
From whose bright presence clouds of sorrow fly:
For her I mow my walks, I plat my bowers,
Clip my low hedges, and support my flowers;
To welcome her, this summer seat I drest,
And here I court her when she comes to rest;
When she from exercise to learned ease
Shall change again, and teach the change to please.

Now friends conversing my soft hours refine,
And Tully's Tusculum revives in mine:
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
And such as make me rather good than great;
Or o'er the works of easy fancy rove,
Where flutes and innocence amuse the grove;
The native bard that on Sicilian plains
First sung the lowly manners of the swains,
Or Maro's Muse, that in the fairest light
Paints rural prospects and the charms of sight:
These soft amusements bring content along,
And fancy, void of sorrow, turns to song.
Here, beauteous Health, for all the year remain;
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

THE FLIES. AN ECLOGUE.

When in the river cows for coolness stand,
And sheep for breezes seek the lofty land,
A youth, whom Æsop taught that every tree,
Each bird and insect, spoke as well as he,
Walk'd calmly musing in a shaded way,
Where flowering hawthorn broke the sunny ray,
And thus instructs his moral pen to draw
A scene that obvious in the field he saw.

Near a low ditch, where shallow waters meet,
Which never learnt to glide with liquid feet,
Whose Naiads never prattle as they play,
But screen'd with hedges slumber out the day,
There stands a slender fern's aspiring shade,
Whose answering branches regularly laid
Put forth their answering boughs, and proudly rise
Three stories upward, in the nether skies.

For shelter here, to shun the noonday heat,
An airy nation of the flies retreat;
Some in soft air their silken pinions ply,
And some from bough to bough delighted fly,
Some rise, and circling light to perch again;
A pleasing murmur hums along the plain.
So, when a stage invites to pageant shows,

If great and small are like, appear the beaux;
In boxes some with spruce pretension sit,
Some change from seat to seat within the pit,
Some roam the scenes, or turning cease to roam;
Preluding music fills the lofty dome.

When thus a fly (if what a fly can say
Deserves attention) rais'd the rural lay.

Where late Amintor made a nymph a bride,
Joyful I flew by young Favonia's side,
Who, mindless of the feasting, went to sip
The balmy pleasure of the shepherd's lip.
I saw the wanton, where I stoop'd to sup,
And half resolv'd to drown me in the cup;
Till, brush'd by careless hands, she soar'd above:
Cease, beauty, cease to vex a tender love.
Thus ends the youth, the buzzing meadow rung,
And thus the rival of his music sung.

When suns by thousands shone in orbs of dew,
I wafted soft with Zephyretta flew;
Saw the clean pail, and sought the milky cheer,
While little Daphne seiz'd my roving dear.
Wretch that I was! I might have warn'd the dame,
Yet sat indulging as the danger came.
But the kind huntress left her free to soar:
Ah! guard, ye lovers, guard a mistress more.

Thus from the fern, whose high-projecting arms,

The fleeting nation bent with dusky swarms,
The swains their love in easy music breathe,
When tongues and tumult stun the field beneath.
Black ants in teams come darkening all the road,
Some call to march, and some to lift the load;
They strain, they labour with incessant pains,
Press'd by the cumbrous weight of single grains.
The flies struck silent gaze with wonder down:
The busy burghers reach their earthy town,
Where lay the burthens of a wintry store,
And thence unwearied part in search of more.
Yet one grave sage a moment's space attends,
And the small city's loftiest point ascends,
Wipes the salt dew that trickles down his face,
And thus harangues them with the gravest grace.

Ye foolish nurslings of the summer air,
These gentle tunes and whining songs forbear;
Your trees and whispering breeze, your grove and love,
Your Cupid's quiver, and his mother's dove.
Let bards to business bend their vigorous wing,
And sing but seldom, if they love to sing:
Else, when the flowerets of the season fail,
And this your ferny shade forsakes the vale,
Though one would save ye, not one grain of wheat
Should pay such songsters idling at my gate.

He ceas'd: the flies, incorrigibly vain,
Heard the mayor's speech, and fell to sing again.

AN ELEGY, TO AN OLD BEAUTY.

In vain, poor nymph, to please our youthful sight
You sleep in cream and frontlets all the night,
Your face with patches soil, with paint repair,
Dress with gay gowns, and shade with foreign hair.
If truth, in spite of manners, must be told,
Why really fifty-five is something old.

Once you were young; or one, whose life's so long
She might have borne my mother, tells me wrong:
And once, since envy's dead before you die,
The women own, you play'd a sparkling eye,
Taught the light foot a modish little trip,
And pouted with the prettiest purple lip.

To some new charmer are the roses fled,
Which blew, to damask all thy cheek with red;
Youth calls the Graces there to fix their reign,
And airs by thousands fill their easy train.
So parting summer bids her flowery prime
Attend the sun to dress some foreign clime,
While withering seasons in succession, here,
Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year.

But thou, since nature bids, the world resign;
'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to shine.

With more address, or such as pleases more,
She runs her female exercises o'er,
Unfurls or closes, raps or turns the fan,
And smiles, or blushes at the creature man.
With quicker life, as gilded coaches pass,
In sideling courtesy she drops the glass.
With better strength, on visit-days, she bears
To mount her fifty flights of ample stairs.
Her mien, her shape, her temper, eyes, and tongue,
Are sure to conquer,—for the rogue is young;
And all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,
We call it only pretty Fanny's way.

Let time, that makes you homely, make you sage;
The sphere of wisdom is the sphere of age.
'Tis true, when beauty dawns with early fire,
And hears the flattering tongues of soft desire,
If not from virtue, from its gravest ways
The soul with pleasing avocation strays:
But beauty gone, 'tis easier to be wise;
As harpers better, by the loss of eyes.

Henceforth retire, reduce your roving airs,
Haunt less the plays, and more the public prayers,
Reject the Mechlin head, and gold brocade,
Go pray, in sober Norwich crape array'd.
Thy pendant diamonds let thy Fanny take,
(Their trembling lustre shows how much you shake;)
Or bid her wear thy necklace row'd with pearl,
You'll find your Fanny an obedient girl.

So for the rest, with less incumbrance hung,
You walk through life, unmingled with the young;
And view the shade and substance, as you pass,
With joint endeavour trifling at the glass,
Or Folly drest, and rambling all her days,
To meet her counterpart, and grow by praise:
Yet still sedate yourself, and gravely plain,
You neither fret, nor envy at the vain.

'Twas thus, if man with woman we compare,
The wise Athenian cross'd a glittering fair.
Unmov'd by tongues and sights, he walk'd the place,
Through tape, toys, tinsel, gimp, perfume, and lace;
Then bends from Mars's hill his awful eyes,
And—'What a world I never want!' he cries;
But cries unheard; for Folly will be free.
So parts the buzzing gaudy crowd, and he:
As careless he for them, as they for him;
He wrapt in wisdom, and they whirl'd by whim.

THE BOOK-WORM.

Come hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day
The book-worm, ravening beast of prey,
Produc'd by parent Earth, at odds,
As fame reports it, with the gods.
Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Against a thousand authors' lives:
Through all the fields of wit he flies;
Dreadful his head with clustering eyes,
With horns without, and tusks within,
And scales to serve him for a skin.
Observe him nearly, lest he climb
To wound the bards of ancient time,
Or down the vale of fancy go
To tear some modern wretch below.
On every corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he slips thee by.

See where his teeth a passage eat:
We'll rouse him from the deep retreat.
But who the shelter's forc'd to give?
'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live!
From leaf to leaf, from song to song,
He draws the tadpole form along,
He mounts the gilded edge before,
He's up, he scuds the cover o'er,

He turns, he doubles, there he past,
And here we have him, caught at last.

Insatiate brute, whose teeth abuse
The sweetest servants of the Muse—
Nay, never offer to deny,
I took thee in the fact to fly.
His roses nipt in every page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage;
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;
By thee my Lesbia's Sparrow dies;
Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd
The work of love in Biddy Floyd;
They rent Belinda's locks away,
And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.
For all, for every single deed,
Relentless justice bids thee bleed:
Then fall a victim to the Nine,
Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.

Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,
To pile a sacred altar here:
Hold, boy, thy hand out-runs thy wit,
You reach'd the plays that Dennis writ;
You reach'd me Philips' rustic strain;
Pray take your mortal bards again.

Come, bind the victim,—there he lies,
And here between his numerous eyes

This venerable dust I lay,
From manuscripts just swept away.

The goblet in my hand I take,
For the libation's yet to make:
A health to poets! all their days,
May they have bread, as well as praise;
Sense may they seek, and less engage
In papers fill'd with party rage.
But if their riches spoil their vein,
Ye Muses, make them poor again.

Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
With which my tuneful pens are made.
I strike the scales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound;
The sacred altar floats with red,
And now he dies, and now he's dead.

How like the son of Jove I stand,
This Hydra stretch'd beneath my hand!
Lay bare the monster's entrails here,
To see what dangers threat the year:
Ye gods! what sonnets on a wench!
What lean translations out of French!
'Tis plain, this lobe is so unsound,
S—— prints, before the months go round.

But hold, before I close the scene,

The sacred altar should be clean.
O had I Shadwell's second bays,
Or, Tate, thy pert and humble lays!
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never miss'd your works till now,)
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine,
That only way you please the Nine:
But since I chance to want these two,
I'll make the songs of Durfey do.

Rent from the corps, on yonder pin,
I hang the scales that brac'd it in;
I hang my studious morning gown,
And write my own inscription down.

'This trophy from the Python won,
This robe, in which the deed was done,
These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
Hung on these shelves, the Muses' seat.
Here Ignorance and Hunger found
Large realms of wit to ravage round;
Here Ignorance and Hunger fell;
Two foes in one I sent to hell.
Ye poets, who my labours see,
Come share the triumph all with me!
Ye critics, born to vex the Muse,
Go mourn the grand ally you lose!'

AN ALLEGORY ON MAN.

A THOUGHTFUL being, long and spare,
Our race of mortals call him Care,
(Were Homer living, well he knew
What name the gods have call'd him too,)
With fine mechanic genius wrought,
And lov'd to work, though no one bought.

This being, by a model bred
In Jove's eternal sable head,
Contriv'd a shape impower'd to breathe,
And be the worldling here beneath.

The man rose staring, like a stake;
Wondering to see himself awake!
Then look'd so wise, before he knew
The business he was made to do;
That, pleas'd to see with what a grace
He gravely show'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An under-something of the sky.

But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a poet's god:
(For which his curls ambrosial shake,
And mother Earth's oblig'd to quake,)

He saw old mother Earth arise,
She stood confess'd before his eyes;
But not with what we read she wore,
A castle for a crown before,
Nor with long streets and longer roads
Dangling behind her, like commodes;
As yet with wreaths alone she drest,
And trail'd a landskip-painted vest.
Then thrice she rais'd, as Ovid said,
And thrice she bow'd her weighty head.

Her honours made, great Jove, she cried,
This thing was fashion'd from my side;
His hands, his heart, his head, are mine;
Then what hast thou to call him thine?

Nay rather ask, the monarch said,
What boots his hand, his heart, his head,
Were what I gave remov'd away?
Thy part's an idle shape of clay.

Halves, more than halves! cried honest Care,
Your pleas would make your titles fair,
You claim the body, you the soul,
But I who join'd them, claim the whole.

Thus with the gods debate began,
On such a trivial cause, as man.
And can celestial tempers rage?
Quoth Virgil in a later age.

As thus they wrangled, Time came by;
(There's none that paint him such as I,
For what the fabling ancients sung
Makes Saturn old, when Time was young.)
As yet his winters had not shed
Their silver honours on his head;
He just had got his pinions free
From his old sire Eternity.
A serpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth, before;
By which our almanacks are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.
A staff he carried, where on high
A glass was fix'd to measure by,
As amber boxes made a show
For heads of canes an age ago.
His vest, for day, and night, was py'd;
A bending sickle arm'd his side;
And spring's new months his train adorn;
The other seasons were unborn.

Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cause.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
Where since his hours a dial made;
Then leaning heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounc'd the words of fate.

Since body from the parent Earth,
And soul from Jove receiv'd a birth,

Return they where they first began;
But since their union makes the man,
Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,
To Care, who join'd them, man is due.

He said, and sprung with swift career
To trace a circle for the year;
Where ever since the seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.

'Tis well, said Jove; and for consent
Thundering he shook the firmament:
Our umpire Time shall have his way,
With Care I let the creature stay.
Let business vex him, avarice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion speak,
And want afflict, and sickness break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy distract, and sorrow kill:
Till, arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long destructive blow;
And wasted man, whose quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his day,
Shall only find by this decree,
The soul flies sooner back to me.

AN IMITATION OF SOME FRENCH VERSES.

Relentless Time! destroying power,
Whom stone and brass obey,
Who giv'st to every flying hour
To work some new decay;
Unheard, unheeded, and unseen,
Thy secret saps prevail,
And ruin man, a nice machine,
By nature form'd to fail.
My change arrives; the change I meet,
Before I thought it nigh:
My spring, my years of pleasure fleet,
And all their beauties die.
In age I search, and only find
A poor unfruitful gain,
Grave Wisdom stalking slow behind,
Oppress'd with loads of pain.
My ignorance could once beguile,
And fancied joys inspire;
My errors cherish'd Hope to smile
On newly-born Desire.
But now experience shews the bliss
For which I fondly sought,
Not worth the long impatient wish,
And ardour of the thought.
My youth met Fortune fair array'd,
(In all her pomp she shone,)

And might, perhaps, have well essay'd
To make her gifts my own :
But when I saw the blessings shower
On some unworthy mind,
I left the chase, and own'd the power
Was justly painted blind.
I pass'd the glories which adorn
The splendid courts of kings,
And while the persons mov'd my scorn,
I rose to scorn the things.
My manhood felt a vigorous fire,
By love increas'd the more ;
But years with coming years conspire
To break the chains I wore.
In weakness safe, the sex I see
With idle lustre shine ;
For what are all their joys to me,
Which cannot now be mine ?
But hold—I feel my gout decrease,
My troubles laid to rest,
And truths, which would disturb my peace,
Are painful truths at best.
Vainly the time I have to roll
In sad reflection flies ;
Ye fondling passions of my soul !
Ye sweet deceits ! arise.
I wisely change the scene within,
To things that us'd to please ;
In pain, philosophy is spleen,
In health, 'tis only ease.

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky,
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While through their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide!
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass, with melancholy state,

By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly-sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
'Time was, like thee they life possest,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.'

Those graves, with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away,)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones.
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
Who while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Hah! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades!
All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds,

They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
'Think, mortal, what it is to die.'

Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground!)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones.

'When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a king of fears am I!
They view me like the last of things:
They make, and then they dread, my stings.
Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my spectre form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God;
A port of calms, a state of ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

'Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearses, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the scutcheons of the dead?

‘ Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe.
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene’er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering sun :
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac’d,
A few, and evil years they waste ;
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.’

A HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

Lovely, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human-kind!
Heavenly-born, and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented head;
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease!

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
Encreasing Avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrin'd.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way,
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks, as I have vainly done,
Amusing thought; but learns to know

That solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground;
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last, for knowledge, rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whisper as they wav'd:
It seem'd, as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of the Grace.
When thus she spoke—"Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every Grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest."

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,

Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy!
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bless'd with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song;
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, great source of nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

THE HERMIT.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost.
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle scene divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,

Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew,)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried;
"And hail, my son," the reverend sire replied;
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart:
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home:
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,

Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive : the liveried servants wait ;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play ;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call :
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go ;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe ;
His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;
So seem'd the sire ; when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part :

Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then, his threshold first receiv'd a guest,)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
Each hardly granted, serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark the pondering hermit view'd

In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such, within himself he cried,
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place
In every settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh:
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:

It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair bestow'd, with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose.
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.

His steps the youth pursues: the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before:
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!"—but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

"The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

"What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

"The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

"The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
Child of his age, for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had this dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

"But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!

"Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
"Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done!"
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

PIETY; OR THE VISION.

'Twas when the night in silent sable fled,
When cheerful morning sprung with rising red,
When dreams and vapours leave to crowd the brain,
And best the vision draws its heavenly scene;
'Twas then, as slumbering on my couch I lay,
A sudden splendour seem'd to kindle day,
A breeze came breathing in a sweet perfume,
Blown from eternal gardens, fill'd the room;
And in a void of blue, that clouds invest,
Appear'd a daughter of the realms of rest;
Her head a ring of golden glory wore,
Her honour'd hand the sacred volume bore,
Her raiment glittering seem'd a silver white,
And all her sweet companions sons of light.

Straight as I gaz'd, my fear and wonder grew,
Fear barr'd my voice, and wonder fix'd my view;
When lo! a cherub of the shining crowd
That sail'd as guardian in her azure cloud,
Fann'd the soft air, and downwards seem'd to glide,
And to my lips a living coal applied.
Then while the warmth o'er all my pulses ran
Diffusing comfort, thus the maid began:

"Where glorious mansions are prepar'd above,
The seats of music, and the seats of love,

Thence I descend, and Piety my name,
To warm thy bosom with celestial flame,
To teach thee praises mix'd with humble prayers,
And tune thy soul to sing seraphic airs.
Be thou my bard." A vial here she caught,
(An angel's hand the crystal vial brought,)
And as with awful sound the word was said,
She pour'd a sacred unction on my head;
Then thus proceeded: "Be thy Muse thy zeal,
Dare to be good, and all my joys reveal.
While other pencils flattering forms create,
And paint the gaudy plumes that deck the great;
While other pens exalt the vain delight,
Whose wasteful revel wakes the depth of night;
Or others softly sing in idle lines
How Damon courts, or Amaryllis shines;
More wisely thou select a theme divine,
Fame is their recompense, 'tis heaven is thine.
Despise the raptures of discorded fire,
Where wine, or passion, or applause inspire
Low restless life, and ravings born of earth,
Whose meaner subjects speak their humble birth,
Like working seas, that, when loud winters blow,
Not made for rising, only rage below.
Mine is a warm and yet a lambent heat,
More lasting still, as more intensely great,
Produc'd where prayer, and praise, and pleasure breathe;
And ever mounting whence it shot beneath.
Unpaint the love, that, hovering over beds,

From glittering pinions guilty pleasure sheds;
Restore the colour to the golden mines
With which behind the feather'd idol shines;
To flowering greens give back their native care,
The rose and lily, never his to wear;
To sweet Arabia send the balmy breath;
Strip the fair flesh, and call the phantom Death;
His bow be sabled o'er, his shafts the same,
And fork and point them with eternal flame.

"But urge thy powers, thine utmost voice advance,
Make the loud strings against thy fingers dance;
'Tis love that angels praise and men adore,
'Tis love divine that asks it all and more.
Fling back the gates of ever-blazing day,
Pour floods of liquid light to gild the way;
And all in glory wrapt, through paths untrod,
Pursue the great unseen descent of God;
Hail the meek virgin, bid the child appear,
The child is God, and call him Jesus here.
He comes, but where to rest? A manger's nigh,
Make the great Being in a manger lie;
Fill the wide sky with angels on the wing,
Make thousands gaze, and make ten thousand sing;
Let men afflict him, men he came to save,
And still afflict him till he reach the grave;
Make him resign'd, his loads of sorrow meet,
And me, like Mary, weep beneath his feet;

I'll bathe my tresses there, my prayers rehearse,
And glide in flames of love along thy verse.

" Ah! while I speak, I feel my bosom swell,
My raptures smother what I long to tell.
'Tis God! a present God! through cleaving air
I see the throne, and see the Jesus there
Plac'd on the right. He shows the wounds he bore
(My fervours oft have won him thus before);
How pleas'd he looks! my words have reach'd his ear;
He bids the gates unbar; and calls me near."

She ceas'd. The cloud on which she seem'd to tread
Its curls unfolded, and around her spread;
Bright angels waft their wings to raise the cloud,
And sweep their ivory lutes, and sing aloud;
The scene moves off, while all its ambient sky
Is turn'd to wondrous music as they fly;
And soft the swelling sounds of music grow,
And faint their softness, till they fail below.

My downy sleep the warmth of Phœbus broke,
And while my thoughts were settling, thus I spoke.
" Thou beauteous vision! on the soul impress'd,
When most my reason would appear to rest,
'Twas sure with pencils dipt in various lights
Some curious angel limn'd thy sacred sights;
From blazing suns his radiant gold he drew,

While moons the silver gave, and air the blue.
I'll mount the roving wind's expanded wing,
And seek the sacred hill, and light to sing;
('Tis known in Jewry well) I'll make my lays,
Obedient to thy summons, sound with praise."

But still I fear, unwarm'd with holy flame,
I take for truth the flatteries of a dream;
And barely wish the wondrous gift I boast,
And faintly practise what deserves it most.

Indulgent Lord! whose gracious love displays
Joy in the light, and fills the dark with ease!
Be this, to bless my days, no dream of bliss;
Or be, to bless the nights, my dreams like this.

BACCHUS; OR, THE DRUNKEN METAMORPHOSIS:

As Bacchus, ranging at his leisure,
(Jolly Bacchus, king of pleasure!)
Charm'd the wide world with drink and dances,
And all his thousand airy fancies,
Alas! he quite forgot the while
His favourite vines in Lesbos isle.

The god, returning ere they died,
"Ah! see my jolly Fauns," he cried,
"The leaves but hardly born are red,
And the bare arms for pity spread:
The beasts afford a rich manure;
Fly, my boys, to bring the cure;
Up the mountains, o'er the vales,
Through the woods, and down the dales;
For this, if full the clusters grow,
Your bowls shall doubly overflow."

So cheer'd, with more officious haste
They bring the dung of every beast;
The loads they wheel, the roots they bare,
They lay the rich manure with care;
While oft he calls to labour hard,
And names as oft the red reward.

The plants refresh'd, new leaves appear,
The thickening clusters load the year;
The season swiftly purple grew,
The grapes hung dangling deep with blue.

A vineyard ripe, a day serene
Now calls them all to work again.
The Fauns through every furrow shoot
To load their flaskets with the fruit;
And now the vintage early trod,
The wines invite the jovial god.

Strow the roses, raise the song,
See the master comes along;
Lusty Revel join'd with Laughter,
Whim and Frolic follow after:
The Fauns aside the vats remain,
To show the work, and reap the gain.
All around, and all around,
They sit to riot on the ground;
A vessel stands amidst the ring,
And here they laugh, and there they sing;
Or rise a jolly jolly band,
And dance about it hand in hand;
Dance about, and shout amain,
Then sit to laugh and sing again.
Thus they drink, and thus they play
The sun and all their wits away.

But, as an ancient author sung,

The vine manur'd with every dung,
From every creature strangely drew
A twang of brutal nature too;
'Twas hence in drinking on the lawns
New turns of humour seiz'd the Fauns.

Here one was crying out, "By Jove!"
Another, "Fight me in the grove;"
This wounds a friend, and that the trees;
The lion's temper reign'd in these.

Another grins, and leaps about,
And keeps a merry world of rout,
And talks impertinently free,
And twenty talk the same as he;
Chattering, idle, airy, kind;
These take the monkey's turn of mind.

Here one, that saw the Nymphs which stood
To peep upon them from the wood,
Skulks off to try if any maid
Be lagging late beneath the shade;
While loose discourse another raises
In naked nature's plainest phrases,
And every glass he drinks enjoys,
With change of nonsense, lust, and noise;
Mad and careless, hot and vain;
Such as these the goat retain.

Another drinks and casts it up,

And drinks, and wants another cup;
Solemn, silent, and sedate,
Ever long, and ever late,
Full of meats, and full of wine;
This takes his temper from the swine.

Here some who hardly seem to breathe,
Drink, and hang the jaw beneath.
Gaping, tender, apt to weep;
Their nature's alter'd by the sheep.

'Twas thus one autumn all the crew,
(If what the poets say be true)
While Bacchus made the merry feast,
Inclin'd to one or other beast;
And since, 'tis said, for many a mile
He spread the vines of Lesbos isle.

DR. DONNE'S THIRD SATIRE VERSIFIED.

Compassion checks my spleen, yet scorn denies
The tears a passage through my swelling eyes:
To laugh or weep at sins, might idly show
Unheedful passion, or unfruitful woe.
Satire! arise, and try thy sharper ways,
If ever satire cur'd an old disease.
Is not Religion (Heaven-descended dame)
As worthy all our soul's devoutest flame,
As moral Virtue in her early sway,
When the best Heathens saw by doubtful day?
Are not the joys, the promis'd joys above,
As great and strong to vanquish earthly love,
As earthly glory, fame, respect, and show,
As all rewards their virtue found below?
Alas! Religion proper means prepares,
These means are ours, and must its end be theirs?
And shall thy father's spirit meet the sight
Of heathen sages cloth'd in heavenly light,
Whose merit of strict life, severely suited
To reason's dictates, may be faith imputed,
Whilst thou, to whom he taught the nearer road,
Art ever banish'd from the blest abode?

Oh! if thy temper such a fear can find,
This fear were valour of the noblest kind.

Dar'st thou provoke, when rebel souls aspire,
Thy Maker's vengeance, and thy monarch's ire;
Or live entomb'd in ships, thy leader's prey,
Spoil of the war, the famine, or the sea;
In search of pearl, in depth of ocean breathe,
Or live, exil'd the sun, in mines beneath,
Or, where in tempests icy mountains roll,
Attempt a passage by the northern pole?
Or dar'st thou parch within the fires of Spain,
Or burn beneath the line, for Indian gain?
Or for some idol of thy fancy draw
Some loose-gown'd dame? O courage made of straw!
Thus, desperate coward, wouldst thou bold appear,
Yet when thy God has plac'd thee sentry here,
To thy own foes, to his, ignoble yield,
And leave, for wars forbid, th' appointed field?

Know thy own foes; th' apostate angel; he
You strive to please, the foremost of the three;
He makes the pleasures of his realm the bait,
But can he give for love that acts in hate?
The world's thy second love, thy second foe,
The world, whose beauties perish as they blow,
They fly, she fades herself, and at the best,
You grasp a wither'd strumpet to your breast;
The flesh is next, which in fruition wastes,
High flush'd with all the sensual joys it tastes.
While men the fair, the goodly soul destroy,
From whence the flesh has power to taste a joy,

Seek thou Religion primitively sound—
Well, gentle friend, but where may she be found?

By faith implicit blind Ignaro led,
Thinks the bright seraph from his country fled,
And seeks her seat at Rome, because we know,
She there was seen a thousand years ago;
And loves her relic rags, as men obey
The foot-cloth where the prince sat yesterday.
These pageant forms are whining Obed's scorn,
Who seeks Religion at Geneva born,
A sullen thing, whose coarseness suits the crowd;
Though young, unhandsome; though unhandsome, proud;
Thus, with the wanton, some perversely judge
All girls unhealthy but the country drudge.

No foreign schemes make easy Cæpio roam,
The man contented takes his church at home;
Nay, should some preachers, servile bawds of gain,
Should some new laws, which like new fashions reign,
Command his faith to count salvation tied,
To visit his, and visit none beside;
He grants salvation centres in his own,
And grants it centres but in his alone;
From youth to age he grasps the proffer'd dame,
And they confer his faith, who give his name;
So from the guardian's hands the wards, who live
Enthrall'd to guardians, take the wives they give.

From all professions careless Airy flies,
" For all professions can't be good," he cries;
And here a fault, and there another views,
And lives unfix'd for want of heart to choose;
So men, who know what some loose girls have done,
For fear of marrying such, will marry none.
The charms of all obsequious Courtly strike;
On each he dotes, on each attends alike;
And thinks, as different countries deck the dame,
The dresses altering, and the sex the same:
So fares Religion, chang'd in outward show,
But, 'tis Religion still where'er we go:
This blindness springs from an excess of light;
And men embrace the wrong to choose the right.
But thou of force must one Religion own,
And only one, and that the right alone;
To find that right one, ask thy reverend sire,
Let his of him, and him of his inquire;
Though Truth and Falsehood seem as twins allied,
There's eldership on Truth's delightful side;
Her seek with heed—who seeks the soundest first,
Is not of no Religion, nor the worst.
T' adore, or scorn an image, or protest,
May all be bad; doubt wisely for the best,
'Twere wrong to sleep, or headlong run astray;
It is not wandering, to inquire the way.

On a large mountain, at the basis wide,
Steep to the top, and craggy at the side,
Sits sacred Truth enthron'd; and he who means

To reach the summit, mounts with weary pains,
Winds round and round, and every turn essays,
Where sudden breaks resist the shorter ways.
Yet labour so, that ere faint age arrive,
Thy searching soul possess her rest alive:
To work by twilight were to work too late,
And age is twilight to the night of fate.
To will alone, is but to mean delay,
To work at present is the use of day.
For man's employ much thought and deed remain,
High thoughts the soul, hard deeds the body strain,
And mysteries ask believing, which to view,
Like the fair Sun, are plain, but dazzling too.

Be Truth, so found, with sacred heed possest,
Not kings have power to tear it from thy breast.
By no blank charters harm they where they hate,
Nor are they vicars, but the hands of fate.
Ah! fool and wretch, who lett'st thy soul be tied
To human laws! or must it so be tried?
Or will it boot thee, at the latest day,
When Judgment sits, and Justice asks thy plea,
That Philip that, or Gregory taught thee this,
Or John or Martin? All may teach amiss:
For every contrary in each extreme
This holds alike, and each may plead the same.

Wouldst thou to power a proper duty show?
'Tis thy first task the bounds of power to know;
The bounds once pass'd, it holds the same no more,

Its nature alters, which it own'd before,
Nor were submission humbleness exprest,
But all a low idolatry at best.
Power from above, subordinately spread,
Streams like a fountain from th' eternal head;
There, calm and pure, the living waters flow,
But roars a torrent or a flood below;
Each flower ordain'd the margins to adorn,
Each native beauty, from its roots is torn,
And left on deserts, rocks and sands, are tost,
All the long travel, and in ocean lost.
So fares the soul, which more that power reveres,
Man claims from God, than what in God inheres.

ON BISHOP BURNET'S BEING SET ON FIRE IN HIS CLOSET.

From that dire era, bane to Sarum's pride,
Which broke his schemes, and laid his friends aside,
He talks and writes that popery will return,
And we, and he, and all his works will burn.
What touch'd himself was almost fairly prov'd:
Oh, far from Britain be the rest remov'd!
For, as of late he meant to bless the age,
With flagrant prefaces of party-rage,
O'er-wrought with passion, and the subject's weight,
Lolling, he nodded in his elbow seat;
Down fell the candle; grease and zeal conspire,
Heat meets with heat, and pamphlets burn their sire.
Here crawls a preface on its half-burn'd maggots,
And there an introduction brings its faggots:
Then roars the prophet of the northern nation,
Scorch'd by a flaming speech on moderation.

Unwarn'd by this, go on, the realm to fright,
Thou Briton vaunting in thy second-sight!
In such a ministry you safely tell,
How much you'd suffer, if religion fell.

ON MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR LEAVING LONDON.

From town fair Arabella flies;
The beaux unpowder'd grieve:
The rivers play before her eyes;
The breezes, softly breathing, rise;
The Spring begins to live.

Her lovers swore, they must expire,
Yet quickly find their ease;
For, as she goes, their flames retire;
Love thrives before a nearer fire,
Esteem by distant rays.

Yet soon the fair one will return,
When Summer quits the plain:
Ye rivers, pour the weeping urn;
Ye breezes, sadly sighing, mourn;
Ye lovers, burn again!

'Tis constancy enough in love
That nature's fairly shown:
To search for more, will fruitless prove;
Romances, and the turtle-dove,
The virtue boast alone.

CHLORIS APPEARING IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

Oft have I seen a piece of art,
Of light and shade the mixture fine,
Speak all the passions of the heart,
And show true life in every line.

But what is this before my eyes,
With every feature, every grace,
That strikes with love, and with surprise,
And gives me all the vital face?

It is not Chloris: for, behold,
The shifting phantom comes and goes;
And when 'tis here, 'tis pale and cold,
Nor any female softness knows.

But 'tis her image, for I feel
The very pains that Chloris gives;
Her charms are there, I know them well,
I see what in my bosom lives.

Oh, could I but the picture save!
'Tis drawn by her own matchless skill;
Nature the lively colours gave,
And she need only look to kill.

Ah! fair one, will it not suffice,
That I should once your victim lie;
Unless you multiply your eyes,
And strive to make me doubly die?

THE LIFE OF ZOILUS.

AND HIS REMARKS ON HOMER'S BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

Vide quam iniqui sunt divinorum munerum æstimatores, etiam quidam professi sapientiam.—SENECA.

PREFACE.

HAVING some time ago heard, that the translation of Homer's Iliad would be attempted, I resolved to confer with the gentleman who undertook it. I found him of a tall presence and thoughtful countenance, with his hands folded, his eyes fixed, and his beard untrimmed. This I took to be a good omen, because he thus resembled the Constantinopolitan statue of Homer, which Cedrenus describes; and surely nothing could have been liker, had he but arrived at the character of age and blindness. As my business was to be my introduction, I told him how much I was acquainted with the secret history of Homer; that no one better knows his own horse, than I do the camel of Bactria, in which his soul resided at the time of the Trojan wars; that my acquaintance continued with him, as he appeared in the person of the Grecian poet; that I knew him in his next transmigration into a peacock; was pleased with his return to manhood, under the name of Ennius at Rome; and more pleased to hear he would soon revive under another name, with all his full lustre, in England. This particular knowledge, added I, which sprung from the love I bear him, has made me fond of a conversation with you, in order to the success of your translation.

The civil manner in which he received my proposal encouraging me to proceed, I told him, there were arts of success, as well as merits to obtain it; and that he, who now dealt in Greek, should not only satisfy himself with being a good Grecian, but also contrive to hasten into the repute of it. He might therefore write in the title-page, translated from the original Greek, and select a motto for his purpose out of the same language. He might obtain a copy of verses written in it to prefix to the work; and not call the titles of each book, the first and second, but Iliad Alpha, and Beta. He might retain some names which the world is least acquainted with, as his old translator Chapman uses Ephaistus instead of Vulcan, Baratrum for Hell; and if the notes were filled with Greek verses, it would more increase the wonder of many readers. Thus I went on; when he told me smiling, I had shown him indeed a set of arts very different from merit, for which reason, he thought, he ought not to depend upon them. A success, says he, founded on the ignorance of others, may bring a temporary advantage, but neither a conscious satisfaction, nor future fame to the author. Men of sense despise the affectation which they easily see through, and even they who were dazzled with it at first, are no sooner informed of its being an affectation, but they imagine it also a veil to cover imperfection.

The next point I ventured to speak on, was the sort of poetry he intended to use; how some may

fancy, a poet of the greatest fire would be imitated better in the freedom of blank verse, and the description of war sounds more pompous out of rhyme. But, will the translation, said he, be thus removed enough from prose, without greater inconveniences? What transpositions is Milton forced to, as an equivalent for want of rhyme, in the poetry of a language which depends upon a natural order of words? And even this would not have done his business, had he not given the fullest scope to his genius, by choosing a subject upon which there could be no hyperboles. We see (however he be deservedly successful) that the ridicule of his manner succeeds better than the imitation of it; because transpositions, which are unnatural to a language, are to be fairly derided, if they ruin it by being frequently introduced; and because hyperboles, which outrage every lesser subject where they are seriously used, are often beautiful in ridicule. Let the French, whose language is not copious, translate in prose; but ours, which exceeds it in copiousness of words, may have a more frequent likeness of sounds, to make the unison or rhyme easier; a grace of music, that atones for the harshness our consonants and monosyllables occasion.

After this, I demanded what air he would appear with? whether antiquated, like Chapman's version, or modern, like La Motte's contraction. To which he answered, by desiring me to observe what a painter does who would always have his

pieces in fashion. He neither chooses to draw a beauty in a ruff, or a French head; but with its neck uncovered, and in its natural ornament of hair curled up, or spread becomingly: so may a writer choose a natural manner of expressing himself, which will always be in fashion, without affecting to borrow an odd solemnity and unintelligible pomp from the past times, or humouring the present by falling into its affectations, and those phrases which are born to die with it.

I asked him, lastly, whether he would be strictly literal, or expatiate with further licenses? I would not be literal, replies he, or tied up to line for line in such a manner wherein it is impossible to express in one language what has been delivered in another. Neither would I so expatiate, as to alter my author's sentiments, or add others of my own. These errors are to be avoided on either hand, by adhering not only to the word, but the spirit and genius of an author; by considering what he means, with what beautiful manner he has expressed his meaning in his own tongue, and how he would have expressed himself, had it been in ours. Thus we ought to seek for Homer in a version of Homer. Other attempts are but transformations of him; such as Ovid tells us, where the name is retained, and the thing altered. This will be really what you mentioned in the compliment you began with, a transmigration of the poet from one country to another.

Here ended the serious part of our conference.

All I remember further was, that having asked him, what he designed with all those editions and comments I observed in his room? he made answer, that if any one, who had a mind to find fault with his performance, would but stay until it was entirely finished, he should have a very cheap bargain of them.

Since this discourse, I have often resolved to try what it was to translate in the spirit of a writer, and at last chose the Battle of the Frogs and Mice, which is ascribed to Homer; and bears a nearer resemblance to his Iliad, than the Culex does to the Æneid of Virgil. Statius and others think it a work of youth, written as a prelude to his greater poems. Chapman thinks it the work of his age, after he found men ungrateful; to show he could give strength, lineage, and fame, as he pleased, and praise a mouse as well as a man. Thus, says he, the poet professedly flung up the world, and applied himself at last to hymns. Now, though this reason of his may be nothing more than a scheme formed out of the order in which Homer's works are printed, yet does the conjecture, that this poem was written after the Iliad, appear probable, because of its frequent allusions to that poem; and particularly that there is not a frog or a mouse killed, which has not its parallel instance there, in the death of some warrior or other.

The poem itself is of the epic kind; the time of its action the duration of two days; the subject

(however in its nature frivolous, or ridiculous) raised, by having the most shining words and deeds of gods and heroes accommodated to it: and while other poems often compare the illustrious exploits of great men to those of brutes, this always heightens the subject by comparisons drawn from things above it. We have a great character given it with respect to the fable in Gaddius de Script. non Eccles. It appears, says he, nearer perfection than the Iliad, or Odysses, and excels both in judgment, wit, and exquisite texture, since it is a poem perfect in its own kind. Nor does Crusius speak less to its honour, with respect to the moral, when he cries out in an apostrophe to the reader; "Whoever you are, mind not the names of these little animals, but look into the things they mean; call them men, call them kings, or counsellors, or human polity itself, you have here doctrines of every sort." And indeed, when I hear the frog talk concerning the mouse's family, I learn, equality should be observed in making friendships; when I hear the mouse answer the frog, I remember, that a similitude of manners should be regarded in them; when I see their councils assembling, I think of the bustles of human prudence; and when I see the battle grow warm and glorious, our struggles for honour and empire appear before me.

This piece had many imitations of it in antiquity, as the fight of the cats, the cranes, the starlings, the spiders, &c. That of the cats is in the Bodleian Library, but I was not so lucky as to

find it. I have taken the liberty to divide my translation into books (though it be otherwise in the original) according as the fable allowed proper resting places, by varying its scene, or nature of action: this I did, after the example of Aristarchus and Zenodotus in the Iliad. I then thought of carrying the grammarians' example further, and placing arguments at the head of each, which I framed as follows, in imitation of the short ancient Greek inscriptions to the Iliad.

BOOK I.

In Alpha, the ground
Of the quarrel is found.

BOOK II.

In Beta, we
The council see.

BOOK III.

Dire Gamma relates
The work of the fates.

But as I am averse from all information which lessens our surprise, I only mention these for a handle to quarrel with the custom of long arguments before a poem. It may be necessary in books of controversy or abstruse learning, to write an epitome before each part; but it is not kind to forestall us in the work of fancy, and make our

attention remiss, by a previous account of the end of it.

The next thing which employed my thoughts was the heroes' names. It might perhaps take off somewhat from the majesty of the poem, had I cast away such noble sounds as, Physignathus, Lychopinax, and Crambophagus, to substitute Bluff-cheek, Lick-dish, and Cabbage-eater, in their places. It is for this reason I have retained them untranslated: however, I place them in English before the poem, and sometimes give a short character extracted out of their names; as in Polyphonus, Pternophagus, &c., that the reader may not want some light of their humour in the original.

But what gave me a greater difficulty was, to know how I should follow the poet, when he inserted pieces of lines from his Iliad, and struck out a sprightliness by their new application. To supply this in my translation, I have added one or two of Homer's particularities; and used two or three allusions to some of our English poets who most resemble him, to keep up some image of this spirit of the original with an equivalent beauty. To use more, might make my performance seem a cento rather than a translation, to those who know not the necessity I lay under.

I am not ignorant, after all my care, how the world receives the best compositions of this nature. A man need only go to a painter's, and apply what he hears said of a picture to a translation, to find

how he shall be used upon his own, or his author's account. There one spectator tells you, a piece is extremely fine, but he sets no value on what is not like the face it was drawn for; while a second informs you, such another is extremely like, but he cares not for a piece of deformity, though its likeness be never so exact.

Yet notwithstanding all which happens to the best, when I translate, I have a desire to be reckoned amongst them; and I shall obtain this, if the world will be so good natured as to believe writers that give their own characters: upon which presumption, I answer to all objections beforehand, as follows:

When I am literal, I regard my author's words; when I am not, I translate in his spirit. If I am low, I choose the narrative style; if high, the subject required it. When I am enervate, I give an instance of ancient simplicity; when affected, I show a point of modern delicacy. As for beauties, there never can be one found in me which was not really intended; and for any faults, they proceeded from too unbounded fancy, or too nice judgment, but by no means from any defect in either of those faculties.

THE LIFE OF ZOILUS.

Pendentem volo Zoilum videre.—Martial.

They who have discoursed concerning the nature and extent of criticism, take notice, that editions of authors, the interpretations of them, and the judgment which is passed upon each, are the three branches into which the art divides itself. But the last of these, that directs in the choice of books, and takes care to prepare us for reading them, is by the learned Bacon called the chair of the critics. In this chair (to carry on the figure) have sate Aristotle, Demetrius Phalereus, Dionysius Halicarnassensis, Cicero, Horace, Quintilian, and Longinus; all great names of antiquity, the censors of those ages which went before, and the directors of those that come after them, with respect to the natural and perspicuous manners of thought and expression, by which a correct and judicious genius may be able to write for the pleasure and profit of mankind.

But whatever has been advanced by men really great in themselves, has been also attempted by others of capacities either unequal to the undertaking, or which have been corrupted by their passions, and drawn away into partial violences: so that we have sometimes seen the province of criticism usurped, by such who judge with an

obscure diligence, and a certain dryness of understanding, incapable of comprehending a figurative style, or being moved by the beauties of imagination; and at other times by such, whose natural moroseness in general, or particular designs of envy, has rendered them indefatigable against the reputation of others.

In this last manner is Zoilus represented to us by antiquity, and with a character so abandoned, that his name has been since made use of to brand all succeeding critics of his complexion. He has a load of infamy thrown upon him, great, in proportion to the fame of Homer, against whom he opposed himself: if the one was esteemed as the very residence of wit, the other is described as a profligate, who would destroy the temple of Apollo and the Muses, in order to have his memory preserved by the envious action. I imagine it may be no ungrateful undertaking to write some account of this celebrated person, from whom so many derive their character; and I think the life of a critic is not unseasonably put before the works of his poet, especially when his censures accompany him. If what he advances be just, he stands here as a censor; if otherwise, he appears as an addition to the poet's fame, and is placed before him with the justice of antiquity in its sacrifices, when, because such a beast had offended such a deity, he was brought annually to his altar to be slain upon it.

Zoilus was born at Amphipolis, a city of Thrace,

during the time in which the Macedonian empire flourished. Who his parents were, is not certainly known; but if the appellation of Thracian Slave, which the world applied to him, be not merely an expression of contempt, it proves him of mean extraction. He was a disciple of one Polycrates a sophist, who had distinguished himself by writing against the great names of the ages before him; and who, when he is mentioned as his master, is said to be particularly famous for a bitter accusation or invective against the memory of Socrates. In this manner is Zoilus set out to posterity, like a plant naturally baneful, and having its poison rendered more acute and subtle by a preparation.

In his person he was tall and meagre, his complexion was pale, and all the motions of his face were sharp. He is represented by Ælian, with a beard nourished to a prodigious length, and his head kept close shaved, to give him a magisterial appearance: his coat hung over his knees, in a slovenly fashion; his manners were formed upon an aversion to the customs of the world. He was fond of speaking ill, diligent to sow dissension, and from the constant bent of his thought, had obtained that sort of readiness for slander or reproach, which is esteemed wit by the light opinion of some, who take the remarks of ill-nature, for an understanding of mankind, and the abrupt lashes of rudeness for the spirit of expression. This, at last, grew to such a heighth in him, that he became careless of concealing it; he threw off

all reserves and managements in respect of others, and the passion so far took the turn of a frenzy, that being one day asked, why he spoke ill of every one? "It is," says he, "because I am not able to do them ill, though I have so great a mind to it." Such extravagant declarations of his general enmity made men deal with him as with the creature he affected to be; they no more spoke of him as belonging to the species he hated; and from henceforth his learned speeches or fine remarks could obtain no other title for him, but that of The Rhetorical Dog.

While he was in Macedon he employed his time in writing, and reciting what he had written in the schools of sophists. His oratory (says Dionysius Halicarnassensis) was always of the demonstrative kind, which concerns itself about praise or dispraise. His subjects were the most approved authors, whom he chose to abuse upon the account of their reputation; and to whom, without going round the matter in faint praises or artificial insinuations, he used to deny their own characteristics. With this gallantry of opposition did he censure Xenophon for affectation, Plato for vulgar notions, and Isocrates for incorrectness. Demosthenes, in his opinion, wanted fire, Aristotle subtlety, and Aristophanes humour. But, as to have reputation was with him a sufficient cause of enmity, so to have that reputation universal, was what wrought his frenzy to its wildest degree; for which reason it was Homer with whom he was

most implacably angry. And certainly, if envy choose its object for the power to give torment, it should here, (if ever) have the glory of fully answering its intentions; for the poet was so worshipped by the whole age, that his critic had not the common alleviation of the opinion of one other man, to concur in his condemnation.

Zoilus, however, went on with indefatigable industry in a voluminous work, which he entitled, the Ψόγος, or Censure of Homer: until having at last finished it, he prepares to send it into the world with a pompous title at the head, invented for himself by way of excellency, and thus inserted after the manner of the ancients.

Zoilus, the scourge of Homer, writ this against that lover of fables.

Thus did he value himself upon a work, which the world has not thought worth transmitting to us, and but just left a specimen in five or six quotations, which happen to be preserved by the commentators of that poet against whom he writ it. If any one be fond to form a judgment upon him from these instances, they are as follow:

Il. 1. He says, Homer is very ridiculous (a word he was noted to apply to him) when he makes such a god as Apollo employ himself in killing dogs and mules.

Il. 5. Homer is very ridiculous in describing Diomede's helmet and armour, as sparkling, and in a blaze of fire about him; for then why was he not burned by it?

Il. 5. When Idæus quitted his fine chariot, which was entangled in the fight, and for which he might have been slain, the poet was a fool for making him leave his chariot, he had better have run away in it.

Il. 24. When Achilles makes Priam lie out of his tent, lest the Greeks should hear of his being there, the poet had no breeding to turn a king out in that manner.

Od. 9. The poet says, Ulysses lost an equal number out of each ship. The critic says, that's impossible.

Od. 10. He derides the men who were turned into swine, and calls them Homer's poor little blubbering pigs. The first five of these remarks are found in Didymus, the last in Longinus.

Such as these are the cold jests and trifling quarrels, which have been registered from a composition, that (according to the representation handed down to us) was born in envy, lived a short life in contempt, and lies for ever buried with infamy.

But, as his design was judged by himself wonderfully well accomplished, Macedon began to be esteemed a stage too narrow for his glory; and Egypt, which had then taken learning into its patronage, the proper place where it ought to diffuse its beams, to the surprise of all whom he would persuade to reckon themselves hitherto in the dark, and under the prejudices of a false admiration. However, as he had prepared himself for

the journey, he was suddenly diverted for a while by the rumour of the Olympic games, which were at that time to be celebrated. Thither he steered his course, full of the memory of Herodotus, and others who had successfully recited in that large assembly; and pleased to imagine he should alter all Greece in their notions of wit before he left it.

Upon his arrival, he found the field in its preparation for diversion. The chariots stood for the race, carved and gilded, the horses were led in costly trappings, some practised to wrestle, some to dart the spear, (or whatever they designed to engage at) in a kind of flourish beforehand: others were looking on, to amuse themselves; and all gaily dressed, according to the custom of those places. Through these did Zoilus move forward, bald-headed, bearded to the middle, in a long sad-coloured vestment, and inflexibly stretching forth his hands filled with volumes rolled up to a vast thickness: a figure most venerably slovenly! able to demand attention upon account of its oddness. And indeed, he had no sooner fixed himself upon an eminence, but a crowd flocked about him to know what he intended. Then the critic casting his eyes on the ring, opened his volume slowly, as considering with what part he might most properly entertain his audience. It happened, that the games at Patroclus's obsequies came first into his thought; whether it was that he judged it suitable to the place, or knew that he had fallen as well upon the games themselves, as upon Homer for

celebrating them, and could not resist his natural disposition to give mankind offence. Every one was now intently fastened upon him, while he undertook to prove, that those games signified nothing to the taking of Troy, and therefore only furnished an impertinent episode: that the fall of the lesser Ajax in cow-dung, the squabble of the chariot race, and other accidents which attend such sports, are mean or trifling; and a world of other remarks, for which he still affirmed Homer to be a fool, and which they that heard him took for studied invectives against those exercises they were then employed in. Men who frequent sports, as they are of a cheerful disposition, so are they lovers of poetry: this, together with the opinion they were affronted, wrought them up to impatience and further licenses; there was particularly a young Athenian gentleman, who was to run three chariots in those games, who being an admirer of Homer, could no longer contain himself, but cried out, "What in the name of Castor have we here, Zoilus from Thrace?" and as he said it, struck him with a chariot whip. Immediately then a hundred whips were seen curling round his head; so that his face, naturally deformed, and heightened by pain to its utmost caricatura, appeared in the midst of them, as we may fancy the visage of envy, if at any time her snakes rise in rebellion to lash their mistress. Nor was this all the punishment they decreed him,

when once they imagined he was Zoilus. The Scyronian rocks were near them, and thither they hurried him with a general cry, to that speedy justice which is practised at places of diversion.

It is here, that, according to Suidas, the critic expired. But we, following the more numerous testimonies of other authors, conclude he escaped either by the lowness of those rocks whence he was thrust, or by bushes which might break his fall; and soon after following the courses of his first intention, he set sail for Egypt.

Egypt was at this time governed by Ptolemy Philadelphus, a prince passionately fond of learning, and learned men; particularly an admirer of Homer to adoration. He had built the finest library in the world, and made the choicest, as well as most numerous collection of books. No encouragements were wanting from him to allure men of the brightest genius to his court, and no time thought too much which he spent in their company. From hence it is that we hear of Eratosthenes and Aristophanes, those universal scholars, and candid judges of other men's performances; Callimachus, a poet of the most easy, courteous delicacy, famous for a poem on the cutting of Berenice's hair, and whom Ovid so much admired as to say, "It was reason enough for him to love a woman, if she would but tell him he exceeded Callimachus;" Theocritus, the most famous in the pastoral way of writing; and among

the young men, Aristarchus and Apollonius Rhodius, the one of whom proved a most judicious critic, the other a poet of no mean character.

These and many more filled the court of that munificent prince, whose liberal dispensations of wealth and favour became encouragements to every one to exert their parts to the utmost; like streams which flow through different sorts of soils, and improve each in that for which it was adapted by nature.

Such was the court when Zoilus arrived; but before he entered Alexandria, he spent a night in the temple of Isis, to enquire of the success of his undertaking; not that he doubted the worth of his works, but his late misfortune had instructed him, that others might be ignorant of it. Having therefore performed the accustomed sacrifice, and composed himself to rest upon the hide, he had a vision which foretold of his future fame.

He found himself sitting under the shade of a dark yew, which was covered with hellebore and hemlock, and near the mouth of a cave, where sat a monster, pale, wasted, surrounded with snakes, fostering a cockatrice in her bosom; and cursing the sun for making the work of the deities appear in its beauty. The sight of this bred fear in him; when she suddenly turning her sunk eyes, put on a hideous kind of a loving grins, in which she discovered a resemblance to some of his own features. Then turning up her snakes, and interlacing them in the form of a turban, to give him less disgust,

thus she addressed herself: "Go on, my son, in whom I am renewed, and prosper in thy brave undertakings on mankind: assert their wit to be dulness; prove their sense to be folly; know truth only when it is on thy own side; and acknowledge learning at no other time to be useful. Spare not an author of any rank or size; let not thy tongue or pen know pity; make the living feel thy accusations; make the ghosts of the dead groan in their tombs for their violated fame. But why do I spend time in needless advice, which may be better used in encouragement? Let thy eyes delight themselves with the future recompense which I have reserved for thy merit." Thus spoke the monster, and shrieked the name of Zoilus. The shades, who were to bear the same name after him, became obedient, and the mouth of the cave was filled with strange supercilious countenances, which all crowded to make their appearance. These began to march before him with an imitation of his mien and manners: some crowned with wild sorrel, others having leaves of dead bays mingled amongst it; whilst the monster still described them as he passed, and touched each with a livid track of malignant light, that shot from her eye, to point where she meant the description. "They (says she) in the chaplets of wild sorrel, are my writers of prose, who erect scandal into criticism: they who wear the withered bay with it, are such who write poems, which are professedly to answer all rules, and be left for

patterns to men of genius. These that follow shall attack others, because they are excelled by them. The next rank shall make an author's being read a sufficient ground of opposition. Here march my grammarians, skilled to torture words; there my sons of sophistry, ever ready to wrest a meaning. Observe how faint the foremost of the procession appear; and how they are now lost in yonder mists, which roll about the cave of oblivion! This shows, it is not for themselves that they are to be known; the world will consider them only as managing a part of thy endowments, and so know them by thy name while they live, that their own shall be lost for ever. But see how my cave still swarms! how every age produces men, upon whom the preservation of thy memory devolves. My darling, the fates have decreed it! Thou art Zoilus, and Zoilus shall be eternal. Come, my serpents, applaud him with your hisses, that is all which now can be done; in modern times, my sons shall invent louder instruments, and artificial imitations; noises which drowning the voice of merit, shall furnish a concert to delight them." Here she arose to clasp him in her arms, a strange noise was heard, the critic started at it, and his vision forsook him.

It was with some confusion that he lay musing awhile upon what he had seen; but reflecting, that the goddess had given him no answer concerning his success in Egypt, he strengthened his heart in his ancient self-love and enmity to others,

and took all for an idle dream born of the fumes of indigestion, or produced by the dizzy motion of his voyage. In this opinion, he told it at his departure to the priest, who admiring the extraordinary relation, registered it in hieroglyphics at Canopus.

The day when he came to Alexandria was one on which the king had appointed games to Apollo and the Muses, and honours and rewards for such writers as should appear in them. This he took for a happy omen at his entrance, and, not to lose an opportunity of showing himself, repaired immediately to the public theatre; where, as if every thing was to favour him, the very first accident gave his spleen a diversion, which we find at large in the proem of the seventh book of Vitruvius. It happened that when the poets had recited, six of the judges decreed the prizes with a full approbation of all the audience. From this, Aristophanes alone dissented, and demanded the first prize for a person whose bashful and interrupted manner of speaking made him appear the most disgustful: for he, says the judge, is alone a poet, and all the rest reciters; and they who are judges should not approve thefts, but writings. To maintain his assertion, those volumes were produced from whence they had been stolen: upon which, the king ordered them to be formally tried for theft, and dismissed with infamy; but placed Aristophanes over his library, as one, who had given a proof of his knowledge in books. This passage Zoilus often

afterwards repeated with pleasure, for the number of disgraces which happened in it to the pretenders in poetry; though his envy made him still careful not to name Aristophanes, but a judge in general.

However, criticism had only a short triumph over poetry, when he made the next turn his own, by stepping forward into the place of reciting. Here he immediately raised the curiosity, and drew the attention of both king and people: but, as it happened, neither the one nor the other lasted; for the first sentence where he had registered his own name, satisfied their curiosity; and the next, where he offered to prove to a court so devoted to Homer, that he was ridiculous in every thing, went near to finish his audience. He was nevertheless heard quietly for some time, till the king, seeing no end of his abusing the prince of philological learning (as Vitruvius words it), departed in disdain. The judges followed, deriding his attempt as an extravagance which could not demand their gravity; and the people taking a license from the precedent, hooted him away with obloquy and indignation. Thus Zoilus failed at his first appearance, and was forced to retire, stung with a most impatient sense of public contempt.

Yet notwithstanding all this, he did not omit his attendance at court on the day following, with a petition that he might be put upon the establishment of learning, and allowed a pension. This the king read, but returned no answer: so great

was the scorn he conceived against him. But Zoilus still undauntedly renewed his petitions, till Ptolemy, being weary of his persecution, gave him a flat denial. Homer, says the prince, who has been dead these thousand years, has maintained thousands of people; and Zoilus, who boasts he has more wit than he, ought not only to maintain himself, but many others also.

His petitions being thrown carelessly about, were fallen into the hands of men of wit, whom, according to his custom, he had provoked, and whom it is unsafe to provoke if you would live unexposed. I can compare them to nothing more properly, than to the bee, a creature winged and lively, fond to rove through the choicest flowers of nature, and blest at home among the sweets of its own composition: not ill-natured, yet quick to revenge an injury; not wearing its sting out of the sheath, yet able to wound more sorely than its appearance would threaten. Now these being made personal enemies by his malicious expressions, the court rung with petitions of Zoilus transversed; new petitions drawn up for him; catalogues of his merits, supposed to be collected by himself; his Complaints of Man's Injustice set to a Harp out of Tune, and a hundred other sports of fancy, with which their epigrams played upon him. These were the ways of writing which Zoilus hated, because they were not only read, but retained easily, by reason of their spirit, humour, and brevity; and because they not only

make the man a jest upon whom they are written, but a further jest, if he attempt to answer them gravely. However, he did what he could in revenge, he endeavoured to set those whom he envied at variance among themselves, and invented lies to promote his design. He told Eratosthenes, that Callimachus said, his extent of learning consisted but in a superficial knowledge of the sciences; and whispered Callimachus, that Eratosthenes only allowed him to have an artful habitual knack of versifying. He would have made Aristophanes believe, that Theocritus rallied his knowledge in editions, as a curious kind of trifling; and Theocritus, that Aristophanes derided the rustical simplicity of his shepherds. Though of all his stories, that which he most valued himself for, was his constant report, that every one whom he hated was a friend to Antiochus king of Syria, the enemy of Ptolemy.

But malice is unsuccessful when the character of its agent is known: they grew more friends to one another, by imagining, that even what had been said, as well as what had not, was all of Zoilus's invention; and as he grew more and more the common jest, their derision of him became a kind of life and cement to their conversation.

Contempt, poverty, and other misfortunes had now so assaulted him, that even they who abhorred his temper, contributed something to his support, in common humanity. Yet still his envy,

like a vitiated stomach, converted every kindness to the nourishment of his disease; and it was the whole business of his life to revile Homer, and those by whom he himself subsisted. In this humour he had days, which were so given up to impatient ill-nature, that he could neither write any thing, nor converse with any one. These he sometimes employed in throwing stones at children; which was once so unhappily returned upon him, that he was taken up for dead: and this occasioned the report in some authors, of his being stoned to death in Egypt. Or, sometimes he conveyed himself into the library, where he blotted the name of Homer wherever he could meet it, and tore the best editions of several volumes; for which the librarians debarred him the privilege of that place. These and other mischiefs made him universally shunned; nay, to such an extravagance was his character of envy carried, that the more superstitious Egyptians imagined they were fascinated by him, if the day were darker, or themselves a little heavier than ordinary; some wore sprigs of rue, by way of prevention; and others, rings made of the hoof of a wild ass for amulets, lest they should suffer, by his fixing an eye upon them.

It was now near the time when that splendid temple which Ptolemy built in honour of Homer was to be opened with a solemn magnificence: for this the men of genius were employed in finding a proper pageant. At last, they agreed by one con-

sent, to have Zoilus, the utter enemy of Homer, hanged in effigy; and the day being come, it was on this manner they formed the procession. Twelve beautiful boys, lightly habited in white, with purple wings, representing the Hours, went on the foremost: after these came a chariot, exceeding high and stately, where sat one representing Apollo, with another at his feet, who in this pomp sustained the person of Homer: Apollo's laurel had little gilded points, like the appearance of rays between its leaves; Homer's was bound with a blue fillet, like that which is worn by the priests of the deity: Apollo was distinguished by the golden harp he bore; Homer, by a volume, richly beautified with horns of inlaid ivory, and tassels of silver depending from them. Behind these came three chariots, in which rode nine damsels, each of them with that instrument which is proper to each of the Muses; among whom, Calliope, to give her the honour of the day, sate in the middle of the second chariot, known by her richer vestments. After these marched a solemn train aptly habited, like those sciences which acknowledge their rise or improvement from this poet. Then the men of learning who attended the court, with wreaths, and rods or sceptres of laurel, as taking upon themselves the representation of Rhapsodists, to do honour, for the time, to Homer. In the rear of all was slowly drawn along an odd carriage, rather than a chariot, which had its sides artfully turned, and carved so

as to bear a resemblance to the heads of snarling mastiffs. In this was borne, as led in triumph, a tall image of deformity, whose head was bald, and wound about with nettles for a chaplet. The tongue lay lolling out, to show a contempt of mankind, and was forked at the end, to confess its love to detraction. The hands were manacled behind, and the fingers armed with long nails, to cut deep through the margins of authors. Its vesture was of the paper of Nilus, bearing inscribed upon its breast in capital letters, ZOILUS THE HOMERO-MASTIX; and all the rest of it was scrawled with various monsters of that river, as emblems of those productions with which that critic used to fill his papers. When they had reached the temple, where the king and his court were already placed to behold them from its galleries, the image of Zoilus was hung upon a gibbet, there erected for it, with such loud acclamations as witnessed the people's satisfaction. This being finished, the Hours knocked at the gates, which flew open, and discovered the statue of Homer magnificently seated, with the pictures of those cities which contended for his birth, ranged in order around him. Then they who represented the deities in the procession, laying aside their ensigns of divinity, ushered in the men of learning with a sound of voices, and their various instruments, to assist at a sacrifice in honour of Apollo and his favourite Homer.

It may be easily believed, that Zoilus concluded his affairs were at the utmost point of desperation in Egypt; wherefore, filled with pride, scorn, anger, vexation, envy, (and whatever could torment him, except the knowledge of his unworthiness) he flung himself aboard the first ship which left that country. As it happened, the vessel he sailed in was bound for Asia Minor, and this landing him at a port the nearest to Smyrna, he was a little pleased amidst his misery, to think of decrying Homer in another place where he was adored, and which chiefly pretended to his birth. So incorrigible was his disposition, that no experience taught him any thing which might contribute to his ease and safety.

And as his experience wrought nothing on him, so neither did the accidents, which the opinion of those times took for ominous warnings; for, he is reported to have seen, the night he came to Smyrna, a venerable person, such as Homer is described by antiquity, threatening him in a dream; and in the morning he found a part of his works gnawed by mice, which, says Ælian, are of all beasts the most prophetic; insomuch that they know when to leave a house, even before its fall is suspected. Envy, which has no relaxation, still hurried him forward; for it is certainly true that a man has not firmer resolution from reason, to stand by a good principle, than obstinacy from perverted nature, to adhere to a bad one.

In the morning as he walked the street, he observed in some places inscriptions concerning Homer, which informed him where he lived, where he had taught school, and several other particularities which the Smyrneans glory to have recorded of him; all which awakened and irritated the passions of Zoilus. But his temper was quite overthrown by the venerable appearance which he saw, upon entering the Homereum; which is a building composed of a library, porch, and temple, erected to Homer. Here a frenzy seized him which knew no bounds; he raved violently against the poet and all his admirers; he trampled on his works, he spurned about his commentators, he tore down his busts from the niches, threw the medals that were cast of him out of the windows, and passing from one place to another, beat the aged priests, and broke down the altar. The cries which were occasioned by this means brought in many upon him; who observed with horror how the most sacred honours of their city were profaned by the frantic impiety of a stranger; and immediately dragged him to punishment before their magistrates, who were then sitting. He was no sooner there, but known for Zoilus by some in court, a name a long time most hateful to Smyrna; which, as it valued itself upon the birth of Homer, so bore more impatiently than other places, the abuses offered him. This made them eager to propitiate his shade, and claim to themselves a second merit by the death of Zoilus;

wherefore they sentenced him to suffer by fire, as the due reward of his desecrations; and ordered, that their city should be purified by a lustration, for having entertained so impious a guest. In pursuance to this sentence, he was led away with his compositions borne before him by the public executioner. Then was he fastened to the stake, prophesying all the while how many should arise to revenge his quarrel; particularly, that when Greek should be no more a language, there shall be a nation which will both translate Homer into prose, and contract him in verse. At last, his compositions were lighted to set the pile on fire, and he expired sighing for the loss of them, more than for the pain he suffered: and perhaps too, because he might foresee in his prophetic rapture, that there should arise a poet in another nation, able to do Homer justice, and make him known amongst his people to future ages.

Thus died this noted critic, of whom we may observe from the course of the history, that as several cities contended for the honour of the birth of Homer, so several have contended for the honour of the death of Zoilus. With him likewise perished his great work on the Iliad, and the Odyssey; concerning which we observe also, that as the known worth of Homer's poetry makes him survive himself with glory, so the bare memory of Zoilus's criticism makes him survive himself with infamy. These are deservedly the consequences of that ill-nature which made him

fond of detraction; that envy, which made him choose so excellent a character for its object; and those partial methods of injustice with which he treated the object he had chosen.

Yet how many commence critics after him, upon the same unhappy principles? How many labour to destroy the monuments of the dead, and summon up the great from their graves to answer for trifles before them? How many, by misrepresentations, both hinder the world from favouring men of genius, and discourage them in themselves; like boughs of a baneful and barren nature, that shoot across a fruit tree; at once to screen the sun from it, and hinder it by their droppings from producing anything of value? But if these who thus follow Zoilus, meet not the same severities of fate, because they come short of his indefatigableness, or their object is not so universally the concern of mankind, they shall nevertheless meet a proportion of it in the inward trouble they give themselves, and the outward contempt others fling upon them: a punishment which every one has hitherto felt, who has really deserved to be called a Zoilus; and which will always be the natural reward of such men's actions, as long as Zoilus is the proper name of envy.

REMARKS.

Ingenium magni livor detractat amici,
Quisquis et ex illo, Zoile, nomen habes.

I MUST do my reader the justice, before I enter upon these notes of Zoilus, to inform him, that I have not in any author met this work ascribed to him by its title, which has made me not mention it in the life. But thus much in general appears, that he wrote several things besides his censure on the Iliad, which, as it gives ground for this opinion, encourages me to offer an account of the treatise.

Being acquainted with a grave gentleman who searches after editions, purchases manuscripts, and collects copies, I applied to him for some editions of this poem, which he readily obliged me with. But, added he, taking down a paper, I doubt I shall discourage you from your translation, when I show this work, which is written upon the original, by Zoilus, the famous adversary of Homer. Zoilus! said I with surprise; I thought his works had long since perished. They have so, answered he, all except this little piece,

which has a preface annexed to it accounting for its preservation. It seems, when he parted from Macedon, he left this behind him where he lodged, and where no one entered for a long time, in detestation of the odiousness of his character, until Mævius arriving there in his travels, and being desirous to lie in the same room, luckily found it, and brought it away with him. This the author of the preface imagines the reason of Horace's wishing Mævius, in the tenth epode, such a shipwreck as Homer describes; as it were with an eye to his having done something disadvantageous to that poet. From Mævius, the piece came into the hand of Carbilius Pictor (who, when he wrote against Virgil, called his book, with a respectful imitation of Zoilus, the Æneidomastix) and from him into the hands of others who are unknown, because the world applied to them no other name than that of Zoilus, in order to sink their own in oblivion. Thus it ever found some learned philologist or critic to keep it secret from the rage of Homer's admirers; yet not so secret, but that it has still been communicated among the literati. I am of opinion, that our great Scaliger borrowed it, to work him up when he writ so sharply against Cardan; and perhaps Le Clerc too, when he proved Q. Curtius ignorant of every particular branch of learning.

This formal account made me give attention to what the book contained; and I must acknow-

ledge, that whether it be his, or the work of some grammarian, it appears to be writ in his spirit. The open profession of enmity to great geniuses, and the fear of nothing so much as that he may not be able to find faults enough, are such resemblances of his strongest features, that any one might take it for his own production. To give the world a notion of this, I have made a collection of some remarks, which most struck me, during that short time in which I was allowed to peruse the manuscript.

THE REMARKS OF ZOILUS UPON HOMER'S BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

P. 47. v. 1. To fill my rising song.] *As Protagoras the sophist found fault with the beginning of the Iliad, for its speaking to the Muse rather with an abrupt command, than a solemn invocation; so I*, says Zoilus, *do on the other hand find fault with him for using any invocation at all before this poem, or any such trifles as he is the author of. If he must use one, Protagoras is in the right; if not, I am: this I hold for true criticism, notwithstanding the opinion of Aristotle against us. Nor let any one lay a stress on Aristotle in this point; he, alas! knows nothing of poetry but what he has read in Homer; his rules are all extracted from him, or founded in him. In short, Homer's Works are the examples of Aristotle's precepts; and Aristotle's precepts the methods Homer wrought by.* From hence it is to be concluded as the opinion of this critic, that whoever would entirely destroy the reputation of Homer, must renounce the authority of Aristotle before-hand. The rules of building may be of service to us, if we design to judge of an edifice, and discover what may be

amiss in it for the advantage of future artificers; but they are of no use to those who only intend to overthrow it utterly.

After the word (song,) in the first line the original adds, *(what I have written in my tablets.)* These words, which are dropped in the translation as of no consequence, the great Zoilus has thought fit to expunge; asserting for a reason, without backing it with farther proof, *that tablets were not of so early invention.* Now, it must be granted, this manner of proving by affirmation is of an extraordinary nature; but however it has its end with a set of readers for whom it is adapted. One part of the world knows not with what assurance another part can express itself. They imagine a reasonable creature will not have the face to say any thing which has not some shadow of reason to support it; and run implicitly into the snare which is laid for good-nature, by these daring authors of definitive sentences upon bare assertion.

P. 47. v. 15. Whom cats pursued.] The Greek word here expressly signifies a *cat:* Zoilus, whom Perizonius follows, affirms, *they were weasels which the mouse fled from;* and then objects against its probability. But it is common with one sort of critics, to show an author means differently from what he really did; and then to prove, that the meaning which they find out for him is good for nothing.

P. 40. v. 5. If worthy friendship.] In this

proposal begins the moral of the whole piece, which is, that hasty, ill-founded, or unnatural friendships and leagues, will naturally end in war and discord. But Zoilus, who is here mightily concerned to take off from Homer all the honour of having designed a moral, asserts on the other hand, *That the poet's whole intent was to make a fable; that a fable he has made, and one very idle and trifling; that many things are ascribed to Homer, which poor Homer never dreamed of; and he who finds them out, rather shows his own parts than discovers his author's beauties.* In this opinion has he been followed by several of those critics, who only dip into authors when they have occasion to write against them: and yet even these shall speak differently concerning the writers, if the question be of their own performances; for to their own works they write prefaces, to display the grandness of the moral, regularity of the scheme, number and brightness of the figures, and a thousand other excellencies, which if they did not tell, no one would ever imagine. For others, they write remarks, which tend to contract their excellencies within the narrow compass of their partial apprehension. It were well if they could allow such to be as wise as themselves, whom the world allows to be much wiser: but their being naturally friends to themselves, and professedly adversaries to some greater genius, easily accounts for these different manners of speaking. I will not leave

this note, without giving you an instance of its practice in the great Julius Scaliger: he has been free enough with Homer in the remarks he makes upon him; but when he speaks of himself, I desire my reader would take notice of his modesty; I give his own words, *Lib.* 3. *Poet. Cap.* 112. *In Deum Patrem Hymnum cum scriberemus, tanquam rerum omnium conditorem, ab orbis ipsius creatione ad nos nostraque usque duximus.—In quo abduximus animum nostrum a corporis carcere ad liberos campos contemplationis, quæ me in illum transformaret. Tum autem sanctissimi Spiritus ineffabilis vigor ille tanto ardore celebratus est, ut cum lenissimis numeris esset inchoatus Hymnus, repentino divini ignis impetu conflagravit.*

P. 49. v. 4. The circled loaves.] *Zoilus here finds fault with the mention of loaves, tripes, bacon, and cheese, as words below the dignity of the epic, as much* (says he) *as it would be to have opprobrious names given in it.* By which expression we easily see, he hints at the first book of the Iliad. Now, we must consider in answer, that it is a mouse which is spoken of, that eating is the most apparent characteristic of that creature, that these foods are such as please it most; and to have described particular pleasures for it in any other way, would have been as incongruous as to have described a haughty loud anger without those names which it throws out in its fierceness, and which raise it to its pitch of

frenzy. In the one instance you still see a mouse before you, however, the poet raises it to a man; in the other, you shall see a man before you; however, the poet raises him to a demi-god. But some call that low, which others call natural. Every thing has two handles, and the critic who sets himself to censure all he meets, is under an obligation still to lay hold on the worst of them.

P. 49. v. 26. But me, nor stalks.] *In this place Zoilus laughs at the ridiculousness of the poet, who* (according to his representation) *makes a prince refuse an invitation in heroicks, because he did not like the meat he was invited to.* And, that the ridicule may appear in as strong a light to others as to himself, he puts as much of the speech as concerns it into burlesque airs and expressions. This is indeed a common trick with remarkers, which they either practise by precedent from their master Zoilus, or are beholden for it to the same turn of temper. We acknowledge it a fine piece of satire, when there is folly in a passage, to lay it open in the way by which it naturally requires to be exposed: do this handsomely, and the author is deservedly a jest. If, on the contrary, you dress a passage which was not originally foolish, in the highest humour of ridicule, you only frame something which the author himself might laugh at, without being more nearly concerned than another reader.

P. 50. v. 25. So pass'd Europa.] This simile makes Zoilus, who sets up for a professed enemy

of fables, to exclaim violently. *We had*, says he, *a frog and a mouse hitherto, and now we get a bull and a princess to illustrate their actions: when will there be an end of this fabling-folly and poetry, which I value myself for being unacquainted with? O great Polycrates, how happily hast thou observed in thy accusation against Socrates, that whatever he was before, he deserved his poison when he began to make verses!* Now, if the question be concerning Homer's good or bad poetry, this is an unqualifying speech, which affords his friends just grounds of exception against the critic. Wherefore, be it known to all present and future censors, who have, or shall presume to glory in an ignorance of poetry, and at the same time take upon them to judge of poets, that they are in all their degrees for ever excluded the post they would usurp. In the first place, they who know neither the use, nor practice of the art; in the second, they who know it but by halves, who have hearts insensible of the beauties of poetry, and are, however, able to find fault by rules; and thirdly, they who, when they are capable of perceiving beauties and pointing out defects, are still so ignorant in the nature of their business as to imagine the province of criticism extends itself only on the side of dispraise and reprehension. How could any one at this rate be seen with his proper balance of perfection and error? Or what were the best performances in this indulgence of ill-nature,

but as apartments hung with the deformities of humanity, done by some great hand, which are the more to be abhorred, because the praise and honour they receive results from the degree of uneasiness to which they put every temper of common goodness?

P. 51. v. 26. Ye mice, ye mice.] The ancients believed that heroes were turned into demi-gods at their death; and in general, that departing souls have something of a sight into futurity. It is either this notion, or a care which the gods may take to abate the pride of insulting adversaries, which a poet goes upon, when he makes his leaders die foretelling the end of those by whom they are slain. Zoilus, however, is against this passage. He says, *that every character ought to be strictly kept: that a general ought not to invade the character of a prophet, nor a prophet of a general.* He is positive, *that nothing should be done by any one, without having been hinted at in some previous account of him.* And this, he asserts, without any allowance made either for a change of states, or the design of the gods. To confirm this observation, he strengthens it with a quotation out of his larger work on the Iliad, where he has these words upon the death of Hector: *How foolish is it in Homer to make Hector (who through the whole course of the Iliad had made use of Helenus, to learn the will of the gods) become a prophet just at his death? Let every one be what he ought, without falling into*

those parts which others are to sustain in a poem. This he has said, not distinguishing rightly between our natural dispositions and accidental offices. And this he has said again, not minding, that though it be taken from another book, it is still from the same author. However, vanity loves to gratify itself by the repetition of what it esteems to be written with spirit, and even when we repeat it ourselves, provided another hears us. Hence has he been followed by a magisterial set of men, who quote themselves, and swell their new performances with what they admire in their former treatises. This is a most extraordinary knack of arguing, whereby a man can never want a proof, if he be allowed to become an authority for his own opinion.

P. 52. v. 15. And no kind billow.] *How impertinent is this case of pity*, says Zoilus, *to bemoan, that the prince was not tossed towards land: it is enough he lost his life, and there is an end of his suffering where there is an end of his feeling. To carry the matter farther is just the same foolish management as Homer has shown in his Iliads, which he spins out into forty trifles beyond the death of Hector.* But the critic must allow me to put the readers in mind, that death was not the last distress the ancients believed was to be met upon earth. The last was the remaining unburied, which had this misery annexed, that while the body was without its funeral rites in this world, the soul was supposed

to be without rest in the next, which was the case of the mouse before us. And accordingly the Ajax of Sophocles continues after the death of its hero more than an act, upon the contest concerning his burial. All this Zoilus knew very well: but Zoilus is not the only one who disputes for victory rather than truth. These foolish critics write even things they themselves can answer, to show how much they can write against an author. They act unfairly, that they may be sure to be sharp enough; and trifle with the reader, in order to be voluminous. It is needless to wish them the return they deserve: their disregard to candour is no sooner discovered, but they are for ever banished from the eyes of men of sense, and condemned to wander from stall to stall, for a temporary refuge from that oblivion which they cannot escape.

P. 53. v. 9. Our eldest perish'd.] *Zoilus has here taken the recapitulation of those misfortunes which happened to the royal family, as an impertinence that expatiates from the subject;* though indeed there seems nothing more proper to raise that sort of compassion, which was to inflame his audience to war. But what appears extremely pleasant is, that at the same time he condemns the passage, he should make use of it as an opportunity to fall into an ample digression on the various kinds of mouse-traps, and display that minute learning which every critic of his sort is fond to show himself master of. This they

imagine is tracing of knowledge through its hidden veins, and bringing discoveries to day-light, which time had covered over. Indefatigable and useless mortals! who value themselves for knowledge of no consequence, and think of gaining applause by what the reader is careful to pass over unread. What did the disquisition signify formerly, whether Ulysses's son, or his dog, was the elder? or how can the account of a vesture, or a player's masque, deserve that any should write the bulk of a treatise, or others read it when it is written? A vanity thus poorly supported, which neither affords pleasure nor profit, is the unsubstantial amusement of a dream to ourselves, and a provoking occasion of our derision to others.

P. 54. v. 3, 4. *Quills aptly bound—Fac'd with the plunder of a cat they flay'd.*] This passage is something difficult in the original, which gave Zoilus the opportunity of inventing an expression, which his followers conceitedly use when any thing appears dark to them. This, say they, let Phœbus explain; as if what exceeds their capacity, must of necessity demand oracular interpretations, and an interposal of the god of wit and learning. The basis of such arrogance is the opinion they have of that knowledge they ascribe to themselves. They take criticism to be beyond every other part of learning, because it gives judgment upon books written in every other part. They think, in consequence, that every critic must be a greater genius than any author

whom he censures; and therefore if they esteem themselves critics, they set enthroned in fancy at the head of literature. Criticism indeed deserves a noble elogy, when it is enlarged by such a comprehensive learning as Aristotle and Cicero were masters of; when it adorns its precepts with the consummate exactness of Quintilian, or is exalted into the sublime sentiments of Longinus. But let not such men tell us they participate in the glory of these great men, and place themselves next to Phœbus, who, like Zoilus, entangle an author in the wrangles of grammarians, or try him with a positive air and barren imagination, by the set of rules they have collected out of others.

P. 54. v. 17. Ye frogs, the mice.] At this speech of the herald's, which recites the cause of the war, Zoilus is angry with the author, *for not finding out a cause entirely just; for*, says he, *it appears not from his own fable, that Physignathus invited the prince with any malicious intention to make him away*. To this we answer, 1st, That it is not necessary in relating facts to make every war have a just beginning. 2nd, This doubtful cause agrees better with the moral, by showing, that ill-founded leagues have accidents to destroy them, even without the intention of parties. 3d, There was all appearance imaginable against the frogs; and if we may be allowed to retort on our adversary the practice of his posterity, there is more humanity in an hos-

tility proclaimed upon the appearance of injustice done us, than in their custom of attacking the works of others as soon as they come out, purely because they are esteemed to be good. Their performances, which could derive no merit from their own names, are then sold upon the merit of their antagonist: and if they are so sensible of fame, or even of envy, they have the mortification to remember, how much by this means they become indebted to those they injure.

P. 55. v. 10. Where high the banks.] This project is not put in practice during the following battle, by reason of the fury of the combatants: yet the mention of it is not impertinent in this place, forasmuch as the probable face of success which it carries with it tended to animate the frogs. Zoilus however cannot be so satisfied; *It were better*, says he, *to cut it entirely out; nor would Homer be the worse if half of him were served in the same manner; so, continues he, they will find it, whoever in any country shall hereafter undertake so odd a task, as that of translating him.* Thus envy finds words to put in the mouth of ignorance; and the time will come, when ignorance shall repeat what envy has pronounced so rashly.

P. 56. v. 1. And tapering sea-reeds.] If we here take the reed for that of our own growth, it is no spear to match the long sort of needles with which the mice had armed themselves; but the cane, which is rather intended, has its splinters

stiff and sharp, to answer all the uses of a spear in battle. Nor is it here to be lightly passed over, since Zoilus moves a question upon it, that the poet could not choose a more proper weapon for the frogs, than that which they choose for themselves in a defensive war they maintain with the serpents of Nile. *They have this stratagem*, says Ælian, *to protect themselves; they swim with pieces of cane across their mouths, of too great a length for the breadth of the serpents' throats; by which means they are preserved from being swallowed by them.* This is a quotation so much to the point, that I ought to have ushered in my author with more pomp to dazzle the reader. Zoilus and his followers, who seldom praise any man, are however careful to do it for their own sakes, if at any time they get an author of their opinion: though indeed it must be allowed, they still have a drawback in their manner of praise, and rather choose to drop the name of their man, or darkly hint him in a periphrasis, than to have it appear that they have directly assisted the perpetuating of any one's memory. Thus, if a Dutch critic were to introduce, for example, Martial, he would, instead of naming him, say *Ingeniosus ille Epigrammaticus Bilbilicus.* Or, if one of our own were to quote from among ourselves, he would tell us how it has been remarked *in the works of a learned writer, to whom the world is obliged for many excellent productions*, &c. All which proceeding is like boasting of our

great friends, when it is to do ourselves an honour, or the shift of dressing up one who might otherwise be disregarded, to make him pass upon the world for a responsible voucher to our own assertions.

P. 56. v. 5. But now where Jove's.] At this fine episode, in which the gods are introduced, Zoilus has no patience left him to remark, but runs some lines with a long string of such expressions, as *trifler*, *fabler*, *liar*, *foolish*, *impious*, all which he lavishly heaps upon the poet. From this knack of calling names, joined with the several arts of finding fault, it is to be suspected, that our Zoiluses might make very able libellers, and dangerous men to the government, if they did not rather turn themselves to be ridiculous censors: for which reason I cannot but reckon the state obliged to men of wit: and under a kind of debt in gratitude, when they take off so much spleen, turbulency, and ill-nature, as might otherwise spend itself to the detriment of the public.

P. 56. v. 21. If my daughter's mind.] This speech, which Jupiter speaks to Pallas with a pleasant kind of air, Zoilus takes gravely to pieces, and affirms, *It is below Jupiter's wisdom, and only agreeable with Homer's folly, that he should borrow a reason for her assisting the mice from their attendance in the temple, when they waited to prey upon those things which were sacred to her.* But the air of the speech rendering a grave answer unnecessary, I shall only

offer Zoilus an observation in return for his. There are upon the stone which is carved for the apotheosis of Homer, figures of mice by his foot-stool, which, according to Cuperus, its interpreter, some have taken to signify this poem; and others those critics, who tear or vilify the works of great men. Now if such can be compared to mice, let the words of Zoilus be brought home to himself and his followers for their mortification: *That no one ought to think of meriting in the state of learning only by debasing the best performances, and as it were preying upon those things which should be sacred in it.*

P. 57. v. 2. In vain my father.] *The speech of Pallas is disliked by Zoilus, because it makes the goddess carry a resentment against such inconsiderable creatures;* though he ought to esteem them otherwise when they represent the persons and actions of men, and teach us how the gods disregard those in their adversities who provoke them in their prosperity. But, if we consider Pallas as the patroness of learning, we may by an allegorical application of the mice and frogs, find in this speech two sorts of enemies to learning; they who are maliciously mischievous, as the mice; and they who are turbulent through ostentation, as the frogs. The first are enemies to excellency upon principle; the second accidentally by the error of self-love, which does not quarrel with the excellence itself, but only with those people who get more praise than themselves by it.

Thus, though they have not the same perverseness with the others, they are however drawn into the same practices, while they ruin reputations, lest they should not seem to be learned; as some women turn prostitutes, lest they should not be thought handsome enough to have admirers.

P. 59. v. 5. Their dreadful trumpets.] Upon the reading of this, Zoilus becomes full of discoveries. *He recollects, that Homer makes his Greeks come to battle with silence, and his Trojans with shouts; from whence he discovers, that he knew nothing of trumpets. Again, he sees, that the hornet is made a trumpeter to the battle; and hence he discovers, that the line must not be Homer's.* Now had he drawn his consequences fairly, he could only have found by the one, that trumpets were not in use at the taking of Troy; and by the other, that the battle of frogs and mice was laid by the Poet for a later scene of action than that of the Iliad. But the boast of discoveries accompanies the affectation of knowledge; and the affectation of knowledge is taken up with a design to gain a command over the opinions of others. It is too heavy a task for some critics to sway our rational judgments by rational inferences; a pompous pretence must occasion admiration, the eyes of mankind must be obscured by a glare of pedantry, that they may consent to be led blindfold, and permit that an opinion should be dictated to them without demanding that they may be reasoned into it.

P. 60. v. 4. Big Seutlæus tumbling.] Zoilus has happened to brush the dust off some old manuscript, in which the line that kills Seutlæus is wanting. *And for this cause he fixes a general conclusion, that there is no dependance upon any thing which is handed down for Homer's, so as to allow it praise; since the different copies vary amongst themselves.* But is it fair in Zoilus, or any of his followers, to oppose one copy to a thousand? and are they impartial who would pass this upon us for an honest balance of evidence? When there is such an inequality on each side, is it not more than probable that the number carry the author's sense in them, and the single one its transcriber's errors? It is folly or madness of passion to be thus given over to partiality and prejudices. Men may flourish as much as they please concerning the value of a new found edition, in order to bias the world to particular parts of it; but in a matter easily decided by common sense, it will still continue of its own opinion.

P. 61. v. 21. With Borbocætes fights.] Through the grammatical part of Zoilus's work he frequently rails at Homer for his dialects. *These*, says he in one place, *the poet made use of because he could not write pure Greek;* and in another, *they strangely contributed to his fame, by making several cities who observed something of their own in his mixed language, contend for his being one of their natives.* Now since I have

here practised a license in imitation of his, by shortening the word Borbocætes a whole syllable, it seems a good opportunity to speak for him where I defend myself. Remember then, that any great genius who introduces poetry into a language, has a power to polish it, and of all the manners of speaking then in use, to settle that for poetical which he judges most adapted to the art. Take notice too, that Homer has not only done this for necessity, but for ornament, since he uses various dialects to humour his sense with sounds which are expressive of it. Thus much in behalf of my author to answer Zoilus: as for myself, who deal with his followers, I must argue from necessity, that the word was stubborn, and would not ply to the quantities of an English verse, and therefore I altered it by the dialect we call poetical, which makes my line so much smoother, that I am ready to cry with their brother Lipsius, when he turned an O into an I, *Vel ego me amo, vel me amavit Phœbus quando hoc correxi.* To this let me add a recrimination upon some of them. As first, such as choose words written after the manner of those who preceded the purest age of a language, without the necessity I have pleaded, as *regundi* for *regendi*, *perduit* for *perdidit*, which restoration of obsolete words deserves to be called a critical license or dialect. 2ndly, Those who pretending to verse without an ear, use the poetical dialect of abbreviation, so that the lines shall run the rougher for it. And

3dly, Those who presume by their critical licenses to alter the spellings of words; an affectation which destroys the etymology of a language, and being carried on by private hands for fancy or fashion, would be a thing we should never have an end of.

P. 64. v. 21. Nor Pallas, Jove.] *I cannot*, says Zoilus, *reflect upon this speech of Mars, where a mouse is opposed to the god of war, the goddess of valour, the thunder of Jupiter, and all the gods at once, but I rejoice to think that Pythagoras saw Homer's soul in Hell, hanging on a tree, and surrounded with serpents, for what he said of the gods.* Thus he who hates fables answers one with another, and can rejoice in them when they flatter his envy. He appears at the head of his squadron of critics, in the full spirit of one utterly devoted to a party; with whom truth is a lie, or as bad as a lie, when it makes against him; and false quotations, pass for truth, or as good as truth, when they are necessary to a cause.

P. 66. v. 20. And a whole war.] *Here*, says Zoilus, *is an end of a very foolish poem, of which by this time I have effectually convinced the world, and silenced all such for the future, who, like Homer, write fables to which others find morals, characters whose justness is questioned, unnecessary digressions, and impious episodes.* But what assurance can such as Zoilus have, that the world will ever be convinced against an established reputation, by such people whose

faults in writing are so very notorious; who judge against rules, affirm without reasons, and censure without manners: who quote themselves for a support of their opinions, found their pride upon a learning in trifles, and their superiority upon the claims they magisterially make; who write of beauties in a harsh style, judge of excellency with a lowness of spirit, and pursue their desire to decry it with every artifice of envy. There is no disgrace in being censured, where there is no credit to be favoured. But, on the contrary, envy gives a testimony of some perfection in another; and one who is attacked by many, is like a hero whom his enemies acknowledge for such, when they point all the spears of a battle against him. In short, an author who writes for every age, may even erect himself a monument of those stones which envy throws at him: while the critic who writes against him can have no fame because he had no success; or if he fancies he may succeed, he should remember, that by the nature of his undertaking he would but undermine his own foundation; for he is to sink of course, when the book which he writes against, and for which alone he is read, is lost in disrepute or oblivion.

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT.

W9-BTJ-559